

APR 13 1883
No. 141, 900
CITY OF WASHINGTON

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1883, by RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

VOLUME XLII.—No. 291.
Price Ten Cents.



A WIFE WITH BACKBONE.

THE SPOUSE OF A NEW YORK SHOPKEEPER PUTS HER COWARDLY HUSBAND TO SHAME AND ROUTS A PARTY OF BURGLARS WITH THE WEAPON HER HUSBY WAS TOO TIMID TO USE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, April 21, 1883.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, one year.....\$4 00
One Copy, six months.....2 00
One Copy, three months.....1 00
Sample Copy sent on receipt of Ten Cents.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
Subscriptions, communications and all business letters must be addressed to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square and Dover Street (P. O. Box 40), New York City.
All letters containing money should be sent by registered letter or post-office money order.

NEWEST AND BEST!

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,
Out Sunday, April 15, Price 5 Cents.

Will be pre-eminently the brightest, snappiest and best sensational illustrated dramatic and sporting Sunday newspaper ever given to the public. It will be the only pictorial Sunday newspaper published in America. It will employ a staff of the best artists in the country and will illustrate the salient events of the week in the first style of the art. With the first number will be presented, free, a splendid supplement sheet, calculated for framing, and a pictorial supplement will be published thereafter at monthly intervals. The Dramatic, Sporting, News and Editorial departments of FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS will be fearless, independent and spicy, and the Literary features of the paper of the most novel and fascinating character. It will be issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi river.

Price 5 cents. For sale everywhere.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

The trotter "Police Gazette" is going on the circuit this spring, and we expect a good account of the little mare.

WHAT degree of asininity will the "fakes" attain next? Here are the Salisbury Troubadours billing themselves in New York as "Pure as violets and as welcome." Get out the ripe hen fruit. And bring along a stuffed club or two.

WHEW! Here's a novelty. A Buffalo judge sends Brother Frank, a well-known cleric, for five years to Auburn prison for criminal assault on a child. There are more of his cloth who should go there, and no mistake, since this beginning has been made.

SLADE and Sullivan seem to be getting farther apart instead of coming to a close in their pugilistic negotiations. Is it possible a conflagration that burst out so fiercely is going to end in smoke after all? If it do, it is not our fault—let that be understood.

THE ball tossers had laid out a rattling good season this time, anyhow, but when the POLICE GAZETTE comes in with its armful of rich prizes for individual excellence and champion pennants and banners for the united skill of clubs, then there is going to be an extra impetus given to the events of the diamond field.

IT is early in the spring and the chill breezes have not yet been replaced with the warm zephyrs of the south, but for all that the bum actors swarm so thickly in Union Square already that they are a nuisance. What will it be when summer comes and the last of the tattered ham-fatters have walked in? Lord! What a piling of Pelion on Ossa!

THE religious element of Newburyport, Mass., is very weak. It's pretended morality thinly covers some of the most shocking church scandals. The Newburyport hypocrites are afraid the POLICE GAZETTE will ultimately take up their church rottenness and expose it to the public; so they have made a combination to keep the paper out of the town. An attempt is being made to boycott the news agents who persist in selling the paper, so that when the wickedness of the saintly ones of Newburyport comes out the "cause of religion" will not be injured by the POLICE GAZETTE's clear presentation of the wickedness before the confiding parishioners. Those who have most cause to tremble at the prospect to the number of forty have signed a petition begging the news agents to drop the POLICE GAZETTE. The poor fools! They are only courting our resentment and precipitating the give away climax which they dread. Unfortunate forty! We'll not leave moral hide nor hair of them when we take them in hand.

At last the Brooklyn bridge is approaching such a stage of completion that the directors can't delay the work any longer. It must be done in a couple of months, anyhow; but oh, how reluctantly and ruefully they do release their grip on the gold mine that they and those of whom they are the lineal descendants in political and boodle-culture, have enjoyed so long!

CHAMPION wrestlers are still springing up all around, but they seem to labor under the erroneous idea that it is the duty of a wrestler to "chin." Instead of wrestle. Some of them, indeed, might well be backed as champion talkers instead of champion tusslers. We are weary of such. We've got no use for wrestlers or fighters or athletes of any kind who think their stronghold lies in their argumentative quality, instead of their muscle.

Now the fun is going to begin in earnest. The president of a Boston athletic club promises a man, an unknown, will meet Mitchell, Billy Madden's protege, and states, in passing, that it will not be either Sullivan or Goss. The bold young Bostonian will come to the front promptly, we are sure; so if Bergh do not get off his balance again there will be a truly merry time among the boys. Madden is sure his man is a good one, and as he is not a joker, but means all he says, we have confidence in him and can safely predict a rattling good set-to if the Boston folks are equally in earnest and have an unknown only half as well endorsed.

YOUNG Conkling, the slayer of Haverstick, who seduced his sister, has been arrested again and is going to be put through the forms of a trial, although it is dead sure he can't be convicted of a crime. Everybody's sympathy is with him. The lawyers, though, were not willing that this precedent should be established—that a justice might discharge their victims before they get a finger in the pie. They must squeeze the victim a little and get their fees out of him, right or wrong—that's professional with them. As Conkling has money, and that is all the bounds of the law are after this time, he is perfectly safe. All he has to suffer is "bleeding"—then he'll go free.

THE Brooklyn darkey, Jefferson, who killed his sweetheart and fired a gun into a room full of dancing and merry-making darkeys, one night during the holiday time, is now occupying his last days on earth by psalm-singing, praying and jubilation over his conversion. He says he has the dead wood on the devil and an assured right of way up the golden stairs and into Paradise. And there are religious maniacs who encourage him in this belief. Imagine what a tough heaven they are making for the rest of us by getting all the murderers in first, to seize on all the front seats. It's just such gush and nonsense as this that weakens the religious cause and brings ridicule on its methods and practice.

THERE's one Bohemian who has been, for several years, putting on more airs than his little talent, or the law of common sense, if strictly interpreted, would allow. Some of his facetious paragraphs are sadly off, and his sarcasm is childish. He is a very small yellow dog for us to notice, but we can't resist the temptation to aim a kick at it when it begins to howl at us. This Gath says, in a late letter to a Cincinnati paper, that the POLICE GAZETTE has got into a new building "to the moral disgust of passengers over the Brooklyn bridge." Just so. And we make bigger creatures than the fawning, toadying Gath sick. That's our mission—to make moral humbugs ill. We don't require the alleged talents of Gath to do it either. We're not buying threadbare articles. Every thing about us is bright, fresh and new—all in the latest fashion, even to the brains we employ.

THE postmaster of Newark, Ohio, according to the statement of a correspondent who writes us under date March 23, refused to receive a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE in the mail, volunteering the statement that anyone mailing it is liable to a fine and imprisonment. We can't believe the postmaster of Newark, O., is an ignoramus—we prefer to adopt the more reasonable conclusion that he is a sneaking, hypocritical knave; for one or the other he surely must be if he really has taken such ground as that stated by our correspondent. This to the ignominy—the mall at Newark, Ohio, shall accept the POLICE GAZETTE—and, yea, verily, even so mighty and astute an authority on points of moral law as the postmaster of that town, shall take excellent care of our paper when confided to his paws. We're just waiting for a good chance to bring one of these fellows up with a round turn in the law and make them wince through their bondsmen. Can it be possible that Newark, Ohio, has a postmaster who is so densely ignorant that he does not know that he is liable for damages in obstructing our free course through the mails? No; such official idocy cannot exist even in Ohio. We prefer to think it knavery. Let it stand at that, and we'll act accordingly.

EXTRA!

JOE ACTON'S VICTORY.

He Defeats Noah Mankinson's "Unknown" in Philadelphia.

Charles Mitchell, the English Boxer, Gives Mike Cleary a Thumping.

The great wrestling match for \$1,000 stakes (held by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE), and the championship of America, between Joe Acton, the champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, and Connors, champion of England, was decided on April 7th, at Pastime Park, near Philadelphia, Pa. The match came about in this way: Acton had repeatedly challenged any man in the world to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, but there being no man in America a master at that form of athletics, Noah Mankinson, the noted sporting man of Philadelphia, decided to import Connors, who had defeated Ike Smith, in England, and, therefore, was a likely athlete to encounter the best in the world. Connors was quietly imported, and, on his arrival, signified his willingness to wrestle the "Little Demon," as Acton is called, owing to his wonderful rushes in "buckling" an opponent. A challenge was issued to the effect that James Hadfield's unknown would wrestle Joe Acton, catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 a side. Acton at once accepted, and on February 19th the latter, with his staunch friend and backer, Arthur Chambers, met Noah Mankinson, and, after the usual confab, conditions were agreed upon and the following protocol was signed:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 19th day of February, 1883, between James Hadfield's unknown and Joseph Acton, to wrestle Lancashire fashion for \$500 a side. We, the said unknown of the first part, and Joseph Acton of the second part, hereby agree to wrestle the best three back falls, Lancashire fashion, at the Pastime Park grounds for \$500 a side, on Saturday, the 7th day of April, 1883. The wrestle to be governed by the rules attached to these articles, unless otherwise stipulated. The money to be deposited in the hands of the stakeholder, Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. The first deposit to be paid on signing these articles, as follows: first deposit of \$100 a side on Feb. 20 at 8 o'clock P. M.; second deposit of \$100 a side on March 5 by 4 o'clock P. M.; third deposit of \$100 a side on March 12 by 4 o'clock P. M.; fourth deposit of \$100 a side on March 19 by 4 o'clock P. M.; final deposit of \$100 a side on March 26 by 4 o'clock P. M. Catch weight and to be in the ring at 3 o'clock P. M. Ten minutes allowed between each back fall. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and to appoint referee, if not mutually agreed to in 15 minutes. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the referee to have full power and authority to decide such question, his decision to be final and conclusive. The stakeholder shall in any and every case be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee. Either party failing to comply with any or all of these articles or breaking the rules attached to forfeit all moneys down. Unknown to be named on Monday, March 5, at 7 P. M., at Noah Mankinson's, 2,438 Kensington avenue. The unknown to receive \$50 for choice of grounds.

Witnesses: (Signed) NOAH MANKINSON, for Unknown.
JOHN TALBOT, for Joe Acton.
JAMES SYKES, for Joe Acton.
JOSEPH ACTON, for Joe Acton.
Temporary stakeholder, James Dawson. All bets to go with the stakes.

On the day agreed on, the Unknown was named, and no little surprise was manifested when it came out that Connors, the English champion, was the man. The deposits were all posted with the POLICE GAZETTE promptly at the stipulated periods, and on March 26, the fifty dollars expenses allowed Connors was forwarded him. In the meantime great public interest was manifested in the match and there was heavy betting, Acton being the favorite. Arthur Chambers, however, backed Acton heavily, acting on his own excellent judgment and confidence in his man, so often tried and never found wanting. On Saturday, April 7, a tremendous crowd journeyed to Pastime Park to witness the match, the sporting public knowing it was a bona fide one, as Richard K. Fox had announced that he held the stakes. Over two thousand five hundred persons paid for admission. Sporting men from all parts of the country were on hand and hundreds of dollars were wagered on the spot on the result. Thomas Wild, of Heywood, England, was chosen referee. Acton was in splendid condition and looked able to wrestle for a man's life. Connors was also in capital fix and was confident of winning. Owen McCarthy looked after Connors, while Arthur Chambers, who handled Acton in all his matches in this country, attended the "Little Demon." It was Acton's third match in America, his first having been with Edwin Bibby and the second with Clarence Whistler. The first he won; the second ended in a draw. When the contestants stripped intense excitement prevailed, and money was bet fast and furious all around. Chambers had several agents on the ground putting out his funds for him, while Acton also backed himself heavily. The match was one of the best ever witnessed in this country. In the first bout, after several minutes of hugging each other's head, Connors slipped around and got on Acton's back, and a moment later hoisted the "Little Demon" into the air and threw him heavily to the ground. Joe landed on his knees, however, and Tom, finding it impossible to turn him, got on his back again. This position was maintained for several minutes, Connors occasionally attempting to lift Acton. In one of his attempts Joe suddenly came to his feet, and there was no alternative but to take the neck-lock again, and the two walked about with their heads down in butting positions for another few minutes. Connors soon got behind Acton and tried to lift him, but the latter turned like a flash and caught Connors around the body and threw him to his side, but could not turn him over. An instant later both men were on their feet again, each hugging the other's head. Acton broke the hold and Connors once more got behind him. The next minute Acton was on Connors' back, and then both rose and Acton got the "half-hold," binding Connors' arms to his side, and threw him heavily, winning the first fall in 15 minutes. Arthur

Chambers, in the excitement of the moment, hoisted Acton on his back and trotted out of the ring to the dressing-room.

After ten minutes' rest the men again appeared, having washed the mud from their bodies and changed stockings. Connors again attempted to force matters, but Acton quickly retaliated, and was soon on Tom's back. In endeavoring to get away Connors laid himself open, and Acton pitched himself forward on to his head and tried to force him down. Connors escaped, however, and the neck-lock was again resorted to. Acton was the first to get the back hold, and, after some cautious sparring, both sat up and took some medicine from their trainers, after which the old position was resumed. Acton soon sidled up toward Connors' neck and succeeded in getting the "half Nelson" grip. Connors squirmed away, but before he could recover himself Acton got a firm back "half-hold," and threw him, first on his side, and gradually forced him over on to his back, until both shoulders were firmly planted on the sod. Chambers again rushed forward, and carried Acton from the ring. The second bout occupied just ten minutes.

MIKE CLEARY WORSTED.

About 4,000 people assembled in the American Institute on April 9th, the occasion being a complimentary benefit tendered to the English champion pugilist, Charley Mitchell, brought to this country by Billy Madden. Mitchell, prior to his departure from England, had bested all the champions including Tom Wilson, and that clever pugilist, Alf Greenfield, and was looked upon as a pugilistic wonder, and justly so when his age (being only 21), and weight are taken into consideration. When it was known that he would meet Mike Cleary, of Philadelphia, one of our cleverest middle-weights, who had trained specially for the encounter, the spectators were all excitement. After a short delay, caused by the police in examining the gloves, they shook hands and put themselves in position for the encounter. Cleary looked a far bigger man than Mitchell, and a great number of the former's admirers thought he would have a soft thing with the little Englishman, but they were doomed to disappointment.

Mitchell proved himself Cleary's master from beginning to end, belting him where and when he liked. In the first round Mitchell displayed great activity, dancing around his opponent like an acrobat, thumping away at Cleary's body and face. Cleary several times tried to land his right, but Mitchell always retreated out of harm's way. The second round was a repetition of the first, Cleary receiving all the punishment and Mitchell jumping out of his reach. In the third round Cleary was winded while Mitchell appeared as fresh as at the start, and dashed in straight right and left on Cleary's nose, eyes, mouth and jaws. Cleary slashed away as best he could, but his blows lacked vigor. Mitchell banged him all over the stage, and finally knocked him down with a right hand blow. Cleary got on his feet again, but Mitchell gave him no rest. Cleary reeled and staggered from the effects of Mitchell's blows, when the police rushed on the stage and stopped the contest. The almost unanimous opinion of the spectators was that Mitchell was the cleverest boxer they had ever seen.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A WESTERN colporteur was once conversing with an Illinois man on his religious duties. Said he: "Do you attend church regularly?" "Oh, no; I never go to church, but I allers make it a p'nt to 'tend all the funerals. They be jess as solemn, and thar isn't no kerlections."

A NEW YORK gentleman recently gave a theatre party and supper, and among the delicacies on the table were strawberries at \$2 apiece. The name of the gentleman is not given, but it is safe to wager that his salary is not under \$2,000 a year—unless he is a New Jersey bank official.

SAID a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an Alderman and here I am at the top of the tree. And what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die; and not till then."

"EVERY carpenter who shaves with a foreplane borrows the genius of a forgotten inventor." Perhaps he does; but when his foreplane strikes a nail in a pine board he borrows a suitable quotation from profane history, which is not so much forgotten. That's the kind of a jackplane the carpenter is.

GREAT grief was caused to an aged widow by the refusal of a clergyman to allow her to have inscribed the lines which her husband had written for himself:

Here lies at rest from earthly wars
A sergeant of the 8th Hussars;
He lies confined in narrow borders,
Here to wait till further orders.

"I NOTICE," said one Austin lady to another, "that at our social gatherings you are always the last one to leave." "I know it," was the reply, "but I have an object in view." "What is it?" "I want to prevent the rest of you from slandering me." "O, you mean thing; you never like to see your friends enjoy themselves."

"WHY don't the trains go faster?" "They run fast enough to suit us," replied the conductor. "If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk." "I would," replied the passenger, "but that my friends won't come for me until the train comes in, and I don't want to be waiting about the station for two or three hours."

A FEW nights ago O'Rafferty said to Teddy: "What is it, me bye, that you have to do first thing in the morning?" "I know well enough, fathier, what I have to do first thing in the morning," replied Teddy, laughing. "What is it, yespalpeen?" "The first thing I have to do in the morning is to get the kindling wood ready the night before."

AN elder of the kirk having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form—not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go to who play marbles on the Sabbath day?" "Ay," said the boy, "they gang down to the field by the water below the brig." "No!" roared out the elder, "they go to hell and are burned." The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come away, Jeanie; here's a man swearing awfully."

STAGE WHISPERS.

Several Piquant Little Scandals from the Barn-Storming Routes.

A Number of Dirty Dramatic Birds, Male and Female, Routed out of their Snug Nests.

WE don't hear any more about Maggie Mitchell's season in London next year. Has Abbey soured, or weakened, or what? Mr. Maggie Mitchell has the floor.

THE last and severest "mashes" reported in dramatic circles are those of the Passion play artists. If things go on the way they have begun, all the biblical characters will have bad reputations before this brief fragment of the show season draws to a close.

THE Sphinx of Union Square is one of the snides who has reached the end of his rope. His day has gone by. Jewett was his Mascotte and she's skipped. Now for a run of hard luck and general rack and ruin. This "managerial magic" business is about played out, we are happy to state.

DALY has closed his regular season the first week in April, still howling that he has made a great success of it. The fact is he refuses to come to time any longer after the knock-down blows he has suffered. He probably finds cause for jubilation in the fact that he has escaped with his life.

THE red-faced British sea captains begin to grow impatient. They are inquiring when the theatrical managers are going to import any more ballet troupes or English burlesquers. They have an interest in this branch of dramatic business, in which they have noted a remarkable dullness this year. Hence these inquiries.

THE interesting news comes that Aimee's husband is dead. Here was a chance lost for the reporters of the daily press to use their favorite headline, "A Holocaust." Aimee is nothing if not original. No rules of grammar will do for her. Husband may be singular to most people, but not to her; in fact it's so singular that Aimee should have a husband, that it becomes plural. There's a dramatic paradox for you.

GUS LEVICK slogged Max Freeman, his stage manager, in Haverly's Theatre one evening a couple of weeks ago. Max had him arrested, but they made it all up in court, shook hands and called it square. If these people read their POLICE GAZETTE more closely they would know better than to reverse the pugilistic formalities in this way. A fight begins with hand-shaking and ends with the fists. These bungling actors have got everything vice versa, though.

THE Jews have so far released their grip on "Colonel" Jack Haverly that he once more dare say his life is his own, if not his pocketbook. He begins to talk loud again; says he has come to stay, and isn't dead yet, and means to make a stir in the dramatic world next season, and much more of the same sort, which is a shocking waste of gas when the gas companies are charging \$2.25 a thousand feet. "Colonel" Jack is dead but doesn't know it. That's what's the matter with "Colonel" Jack.

THE dramatic "doubling up" policy is in active vogue in Langtry's company. Throwing out of the question altogether the Lily and Freddie, who hitched teams at once when they went on the road, there is Mrs. Langtry's sister-in-law, who was sent over by her husband as a chaperone—she has, according to rumor, skipped with a young fellow from Toronto. And the Lily is mad about it. She thinks it's shocking. Too bad about the Lily, isn't it? She can't scoop them all in as well as Freddie.

AFTER his performance of *Dantes* in "Monte Christo," Jim O'Neill should, without delay, "go to Hoboken and climb a tree"—and remain there. We have seen Eddy play the part a hundred per cent. better in the good old Bowery days. Jim, you've been spoiled by your flatterers. In another season, if this goes on, you'll be no good. Retire while there is time to save your reputation. The actor who dare speak the words "you must die" in the duel scene in the last act with the ridiculous inflection you give them, Jim, deserves a club.

SEVERAL weak-hearted correspondents want to know why we sit down on Sammy of the Entrails with such determination. They acknowledge they don't know him. If they did they would have no more bowels for old Entrails than we have. The fact is Sammy has grown worse than ever lately. He has been making a show of himself and we have secured a seat in an eligible location right on the old man's paunch; and we're going to stick there until this old nuisance is abated or the paunch "busts." That's the kind of a dramatic critic we are. Remorseless? Yes, utterly remorseless.

CHIMPANZEE JOHN and the midget, Minnie, having fallen on hard times and bad business, have taken to the old dodge of blackguarding each other in the papers and pretending to quarrel to attract attention. Minnie pretends that she has repudiated her contract to play for John and has taken the management of affairs herself, engaging him as a fat salaried man. If it were true that Minnie gave bonds not to marry for five years, that in itself is enough to sour her temper for all time. An actress who can't either mash or marry is likely to prove a devil. But we don't think Minnie is likely to take on Satanic qualities for the reasons above stated. The alleged five years' contract was only an advertising guy which the public always accepted with a grain of salt.

It's going to be a merry dramatic summer, you bet. The Lady Elks are freshly organizing for a picnic on July 4, and it will make the wretched rustics up the Hudson howl, we have no doubt. Imagine a barge-load of Lady Elks being dumped into the midst of rural scenes and rustic innocence. Ow! Ow! but there'll be serious, for this year's crop of Lady Elks is going to double discount the old, in pure cussedness. And the girls have made a good season of it, too. They have "doubled up" to some financial profit and are only boarding up their wealth to let it fly with sensational effect in the red-hot days of July, to make things equally red-hot all around. Oh, you can't give us any points on the new style of Lady Elk. We're a dead sure prophet when it comes to them.

THE tables are turning. A non-professional, husband of an actress who has just returned from a season's tour with a company lately broken up, is

raising a devil of a row because he found in his wife's trunk, mixed up with her intimate garments, a man's shirt, a suit of male underclothes, and four or five pairs of socks, one of them partly darned. The wife cheekily explained that she darned the leading man's socks because she felt sorry for the handsome young fellow who had no wife to look out for him; but of course there was no harm in it. Oh certainly not! Yet that husband cuts up rough, becomes cussed and gives it all away in a drunken fit in one of the Fourteenth street beer saloons. How unreasonable these non professional husbands are, to be sure! Now just as like as not there's going to be a devil of a row on the square this summer about this affair, and another poor angel woman is going to pose before the public for sympathy and another actor lover is going to perjure himself.

BOB MILES and Sammy of the Entrails have formed a partnership in the Bijou Opera house. They are boasting, this flip flap Bob and Sammy of the Entrails, of a new departure. They have made the astounding discovery that in all New York there is not a single theatre devoted to America and the American drama, and they are going to fill the bill. How they are likely to fill it may be judged from the fact that Sammy is a thoroughbred cockney, and flip flap Bob sailed for England a few days ago to secure attractions and engage a company. This is the kind of guff they induce the deadhead critics to give the public, but they can't make such use of the POLICE GAZETTE. We're too "fly" for those ignoramuses.

OH MY! The papers are thanking the distinguished plagiarist, Boucicault, for having brought Sadie Martinot back to this country with him. Here's iron gall for you. Sadie belongs to New York—was a school girl here, and was first brought into anything like prominence by John Stetson, who, in his fatherly way, gave her a professional boost. She skipped over the water (to perfect herself in French, Stetson said), and was only gone two or three months when she graduated right out of Stetson's primary school into the young ladies' seminary of Prof. Boucicault. We told you, months ago, that Dion would bring some new flower to the front when he undertook his next American tour. We didn't think, though, that it would be John's Sadie he would polish off and present to us as good as new; but so it is.

THE Kiralfy brothers are talking again of a project they have had in mind for fifteen years or more—the production of a grand spectacular pantomime. They, it will be remembered, were features of the original "Humpty Dumpty" when George Fox presented it at the Olympic Theatre. They have been impressed since that time with the belief that there is much money in that form of entertainment. No managers could do greater justice to the trick, scenic and ballet effects. They could do all this cheaply, too—cheaper than any one else could—and yet with unprecendented magnificence; but there is the old stumbling block—Where are they going to find a clown to fill Fox's place? They had better shelve their idea again until they find the clown to figure as he did, since nothing short of his genius will suit them. They'll wait a long time for him, we fear.

THE stage manager of Booth's, in getting up a rustic scene in "Never too Late to Mend," thought he would brighten the effect by adding a couple of dozen barnyard fowls to the props. The result has been shocking. The mingling of the sexes among the fowls has led to shameful conduct on the part of the hens and roosters that has made even the old hens of the parquette blush, and shocked the bald heads of the front rows. It is darkly rumored that Comstock has his eyes on those hens, and is inclined to resent their dramatic manners by a raid. There should be some consideration for the inexperience of these chickens however. They are only amateurs. They don't know as much as the other members of the "profess," but if Comstock will only give them a chance they will soon learn the art of covering their tracks as well as the best actor or actress among them.

WHAT are we going to do for leading ladies? Here is Palmer obliged to take Georgia Cayvan to fill the position since the defection of Miss Jewett. Lord! How bare the theatrical field must be! Now you begin to see some of the results of the pernicious policy of manufacturing one part actresses and parrot artists. But not only the leading, but all lines of stage business, are equally poverty-stricken. Where are your "old women" of the stage, for instance—the reliable actresses we mean, fit to shoulder the full responsibilities of their line? You count them on the fingers of one hand. And they are all "gobbled up," too. The demand exceeds the supply, and as they die off there is no provision being made to fill their places acceptably. Truly the outlook for the drama is bad. It seems indeed that the variety business must stop over into it, tincturing the whole legitimate until there is more of the flavor of the hamfatter than of the original thing.

SALMI MORSE has not only got his Passion play on the stage, but he has taken the authorities into his service as an advertisement, and made a "holy show" of them, too. As a spectacle the piece was a "go," but its dialogue was awful rot. The amateurs did well. There is a fortune in that piece if Salmi can charge at the doors. It is a grand array of supernatural forces, but there have been plays—notably "Sardanapalus" at Booth's—that have exceeded it in glitter and the artistic groupings of the *figurantes*. The sheeny element is all agog over this production, since they cut something like an heroic figure in the course of the dramatic action. The frequency of pug noses in the *dramatis personae* may be biblical, but it is rather out of character, we take it, in a Jew piece. And another thing, Salmi; we don't believe Herod was an Irishman. It may be poetic license to give him a brogue, but if so we think it should be revoked. Brogue or no brogue, though, there's a barrel of money in Salmi's play.

In Brooklyn some men are born great, some achieve greatness and others become variety managers. The latter is the very tip-top of distinction. Hyde & Behman took that route of the hamfatters to wealth and prominence. And how far the hamfattering interest has carried them is astounding. It has aided them to make a theatre of a morgue, where much money pours in nightly, notwithstanding the odors of corpses and the nauseous pungency of carbolic acid lurk around it still. It has not only enriched them, though; it has made one of the partners (Behman) an alderman and the other has moved into a democratic ward lately, so that he may be eligible for nomination. And last of all this precious pair has made arrangements to run the old Aquarium in New York as a theatre—a first class one, more or less. They say "more;" we say "less." Who shall say after this that it re-

quires brains, experience, or anything more than mere jackass luck to run a theatre and make money out of it?

WE are of the opinion that Harry Pitt is going into the deepest kind of a hole in his attempt to run a spring season of comedy at the Bijou Opera House. He has a remarkable company in some respects, but we don't think it will paralyze the public with its beauty, or dazzle us with its coruscations of genius. The best of the combination is Eben Plympton, who is really a clever young fellow and an actor with something more to him than a mere actor's superficial gloss. But the rest of them. Whew! They're the rakings and scrapings of the good old times—the ghosts of an era when acting was acting, it is true, but still only ghosts after all. The opening piece is "Caste," that dreary, stately and slender thread of "proper nice" dramatic twaddle, full of dainty touches and faint shades of color. That play became a wretched cadaver long ago, and was flung to the amateur dogs, who have kept it in their refrigerator in a state of semi-preservation, to be taken out at certain intervals to be mangled before the public in attempts not to make it run, but merely to walk. We predict Mr. Pitt is going to get left, and we don't consider it requires much of a spirit of prophecy to enable us to draw his horoscope at that. Poor Pitt! They say he's a good sort of chap, too! Too bad! But, then, he shouldn't tempt the fates. The *Pitt* will be left in this managerial affair, but some one else will get the kernel—in other words, he will be cleaned out, and the front of the house will be a pitfall indeed.

THE actor, J. H. Stoddart, of the Union Square Company, one of the old-timers, who "dates away back," has, in a late interview with a reporter for a contemporary, endorsed the POLICE GAZETTE's view of the dramatic situation. On the woman question of the stage he is right in the same boat with us. Being asked what he thought of the profession in a moral aspect, and if he thought it safe for a young woman to go into it, he replied: "It is a splendid profession, and the answer to your question is that it depends very much on the individual. I would allow my daughter to be an actress, knowing that she would be a good girl; and be all right, the same as her mother was. At the same time the stage, in point of morals, is not as it was once. Of course, there are notable exceptions. And let me, without making any invidious distinction, say that Miss Sarah Jewett, who plays with me in 'The Long Strike,' furnishes an example, not only of a painstaking, studious, careful actress, but of a perfect lady off the stage. She comes of good family and moves in the best society. Then, again, she is quite literary and more intelligent than the ordinary run of actresses. She works hard, is constantly showing improvement, and is one of the best in her line of business on the stage. So, you see, it all depends on the individual, how she behaves and what people think of her. Still the profession is so easy of access now, that some women, with nothing but their good looks to recommend them, get to be stars in some of these society pieces, and I do not think that they are all women of very good character." There, you have it. That's just what we've been saying all the while. Although, perhaps, we may have put it a little stronger, the substance of our argument and Mr. Stoddart's remarks is about the same. The moral situation is decidedly nasty on the stage, and Stoddart, one of our oldest and best character actors, says so. He wouldn't like to trust a young woman on the boards unless he knew her and had confidence in her firmness of morals. Mr. Stoddart would trust his own daughter and no one else. But she would go on the stage with the money and prestige of her father to support her. Would he consent that she should be poor, homeless, without friends, and obliged to earn her living by depending on her talent as a beginner in the profession? He wouldn't have it; he'd be a fool if he would.

Do the people pay the police to peddle tickets around the streets for Actor's Fund benefits? And is it the proper thing for the peelers to force all the small storekeepers in the Bowery and Eighth avenue to take and pay for them? Isn't this a rather high-handed proceeding? A pretty state of affairs, indeed, when a little coterie of managers can put up a job and have the cops work it for them in this style to the absolute robbery of the public. And what is the pretence? That Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Harry Miner and Mr. Edward Gilmore want to build a new house in which two or three apartments will be used as a loafing place for actors out of work. Who is to get the rent of the other portions? How is the public interested in all this? Why should the small storekeepers be taken by the throat and forced to give up their savings to build a house for Messrs. Palmer, Miner and Gilmore? They have made enough out of the public already to build several houses if they have a charitable instinct gnawing them. Then there's that Brooklyn Theatre fire fund that disappeared so mysteriously after falling into theatrical hands. Why isn't this boodle called on for the building of the house since there are not and never have been any "sufferers" to claim the benefit of the fund—and none could have got any benefit if he had claimed it. We warn the public again of the peculiarity about these theatrical funds that there is never any accounting. Contrast the methods with those of Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald* in his management of the flood funds. He not only acknowledges the receipt of the contributions, but makes a clear statement of what has become of every cent entrusted to his agents. Who has ever heard of an account being rendered of the Brooklyn fire fund of over a hundred thousand dollars, or of the actor's fund, supposed to be near those figures? No one. Give money to these alleged charities and straightway it is seized upon by some close little coterie who make it disappear and who are insulted ever after if you dare to ask what has become of it. The actors are left out in the cold, too, by this arrangement, but they dare make only feeble protest. If they kick too vigorously a managerial combination is made against them and they are never able thereafter to get good engagements. We, though, don't care a continental or a damn of any sort for the managers—not the polite tinkers' dam species, but the regular out and out sort with a wicked n on the end of it. We want to know, you know; and we are not afraid to ask insulting questions. We think if the proprietor of the *Herald* thinks it proper for him to make a careful accounting of \$50,000 (a sum which to him is a mere bagatelle), the coterie of dramatic benefit workers and dramatic fund grabbers are not so grand or so unapproachable that they can't be requested without offence to do the same, with double that amount of money already entrusted to their hands, by the much-abused and swindled public. We ask this in the interest of the actors, too. They would, but dare not. Come—let's have the figures.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman in England, having married himself to a young woman, the house of lords has just decided that a clergyman cannot act in this capacity in his own behalf. This reminds us very much of the Lord Chancellor's legal quandary, in regard to his ward in chancery, in "Iolanthe."

ON March 27, John Regner, a well-to-do farmer of Richfield, Wis., a church member, and father of a family of grown-up sons and daughters, went to Wheeling, W. Va., got out with the "boys," and landed in a River street bagnio, where he was robbed of a gold watch and chain valued at \$150. He made complaint to the police and afterward tried to hush the matter up, as he said he was afraid that his wife might hear of the affair and make matters unpleasantly warm for him at home.

THERE was a one sided slogging match in a Dell Rapids, Dakota, church during the services on Sunday evening, March 22. One of the congregation, James Adams, knocked out one of the brethren named Sigel Carr. During the sermon and the prayer and the singing, and the taking up of the collection, Carr was tickling Mrs. Adams on the sly, he having a seat directly behind her. Adams saw the proceedings, but he kept his nerve and didn't interfere with either the worship or the tickling. At last, the closing hymn was sung, and the audience stood with bowed heads while the pastor asked for "grace, mercy and peace" to be upon them—and the tickling proceeded. When the final "Amen!" came, however, and meeting was out, husband Adams struck out with his good right arm, and the fist on the end of it lit in among Carr's eyes and nose and mouth, and the tickler went down. The scrimmage was interrupted by the congregation and Mr. Adams was arrested. He had his trial on Wednesday, March 25, before Squire Kenebeck, and was fined \$5 and costs, the whole amounting to \$10.40. The parties are all members of the same church, but Adams is a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE. He had posted himself on the racks of the saints with the sisters and therefore didn't close his eyes when the praying was loudest. Being as "fly" as the awful POLICE GAZETTE had made him, he saw enough to get him fighting mad. It's all our fault of course.

A WOMAN IN PICKLE.

What a Frightened Landlady Found on Her Roof.

[Subject of Illustration.]

THE good landlady of a lodging-house on Eighth street, Jersey City, made a frightful discovery one day last week. While visiting the upper part of the house to make preparations for the spring house-cleaning, she went on the roof, and was indignant at finding what she at first supposed was a swill barrel. Approaching it she was horrified at discovering that in the unsavory receptacle was the mutilated remains of a human being. Scenting the evidence of a foul murder, she hastened to the police station, and informed Captain Edmonson of the circumstance. He at once repaired to the scene and found the remains in a barrel of water. On investigation it was found that a young medical student, named W. F. Crane, occupied one of the rooms in the top story. He admitted that the body was his, that he had paid \$10 for it and that he was detaching the flesh from the bones in order to get the skeleton. Crane was taken to police headquarters and the body of the woman was taken to the morgue. At the station house he was identified by chief of police Murphy and discharged.

A RAID ON CHINESE GAMBLERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our Celestial residents, "allice samee Melican man," are addicted to gambling. It is said that all the houses in Mott street inhabited by Chinese are gambling dens except two. The proportion of Mongolian gaming resorts in Pell street is even greater. Numerous complaints of disturbances in front of the Mongolian sporting houses in Mott street having been made at the sixth precinct police station, Captain Petty ordered the objectionable places to be raided. The raid was made on Tuesday night, April 3d. Some ludicrous scenes were presented in the efforts of the frightened Chinamen's attempts to escape the clutches of the officers.

MIDNIGHT FESTIVITIES IN MONTANA.

A Necktie Party Which Made a Vacancy in the Post Office.

THE Helena (Montana) *Independent* of March 28 gives the following details of the last lynching by vigilants in Montana:

"Word was brought in from the mouth of the Green Horn Sunday, March 25, by a traveler from the tunnel, that two men were hanging to a tree, one at each side of the road, about 200 yards this side of the Eleven Mile House. He said they were Coomes, the keeper of the house, and a man named Smith, who stopped there. It was surmised that the men had been lynched on suspicion (or the certainty) of having set fire to McNally's barn, which it will be remembered was burned down Friday night, eight horses and three cows perishing in the flames. It was generally understood that Coomes was suspected, and the reports of the lynching was evidence that the suspicion had taken definite shape. Men were sent out after dinner to bring the bodies to town, and returned with them at about 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The bodies are now at Herman's furniture store, where they will remain until the time set for the funeral, 11 o'clock this morning.

"It is difficult to get at the facts in the tragedy, and so far as finding out the identity of the lynchers that is a thing which will probably never be known. It is understood, however, that shortly after 12 o'clock Sunday night a dozen or fifteen men were gathered near Coomes' house, and two men went to the door and called him and Smith out, saying they wanted to talk with them. The men went out as requested, and Mrs. Coomes heard them walk away from the house talking. She waited some little time for her husband to return, and finally stepped to the door and listened, but heard no sound. Tired of waiting she went to bed supposing that some urgent business had come up requiring his attention; nor did she know any better until in the morning, when she was told that her husband and another man were hanging to trees down the road but a short distance."

Death of Matt Grace.

Matt Grace, the well-known sporting man, died at his residence, Biecker and Macdougall streets, at 8:30 o'clock Thursday evening, April 5th, of pneumonia. His illness was of short duration, and his many friends, at first, felt but little alarm, as his robust constitution had enabled him to shake off two former attacks, but a week before his death, by incautiously exposing himself in his shirt-sleeves after having remained a number of hours in a heated room, he contracted a cold which proved fatal. Mr. Grace was 43 years of age, a native of Dublin, Ireland, and came of a highly respectable family. At an early age he took to athletic sports, in which he excelled. Desiring a larger field, he came to America about twenty years ago, and soon displayed his prowess as a wrestler, winning his spurs by defeating Homer Lane, who was then in the zenith of his glory. He then came into prominence among sporting men and engaged in several wrestling matches. He took great interest in all turf matters, which led to his losing large sums of money. Of late years he has been engaged in the liquor business.

Charles S. Wheeler, of Napoleon, Ohio.

The subject of our sketch has been engaged in driving trotters for fifteen years past. He has handled many that have been winners in slower time than 2:30, also a number within that charmed circle. In the larger meetings he first appeared with the brown mare Sue Munday, to whom he gave a record of 2:39. The next was the Michigan dandy, Little Jake, that he drove in 2:30. The brown gelding, Joe Kellogg, was the old stand by, and many a race has Wheeler snatched away from the combination with this fellow, when his chances did not enter into the discussion of the inside manipulators. At Marshall, Mich., last year, this gentleman drove the Tennessee horse, Lookout, Jr., in 2:30, and the celebrated St. Louis, in 2:31, both the same day. The best trotters he ever drove were Harry Velox and the stallion, Fred. Goldust; to the former he gave 2:26½ and to the last, 2:27½. These will be campaigned by Wheeler in 1883, and they will earn their oats without much trouble. To their driver belongs the honor of their speed, and the summaries show they were always near the front. A green trotter and pacer will also be in his string this season. Mr. Wheeler is shrewd, reliable and able; he has the happy faculty of obeying the judges in a cheerful manner, by which he loses nothing. The owner who goes to the front will find him a good manager.

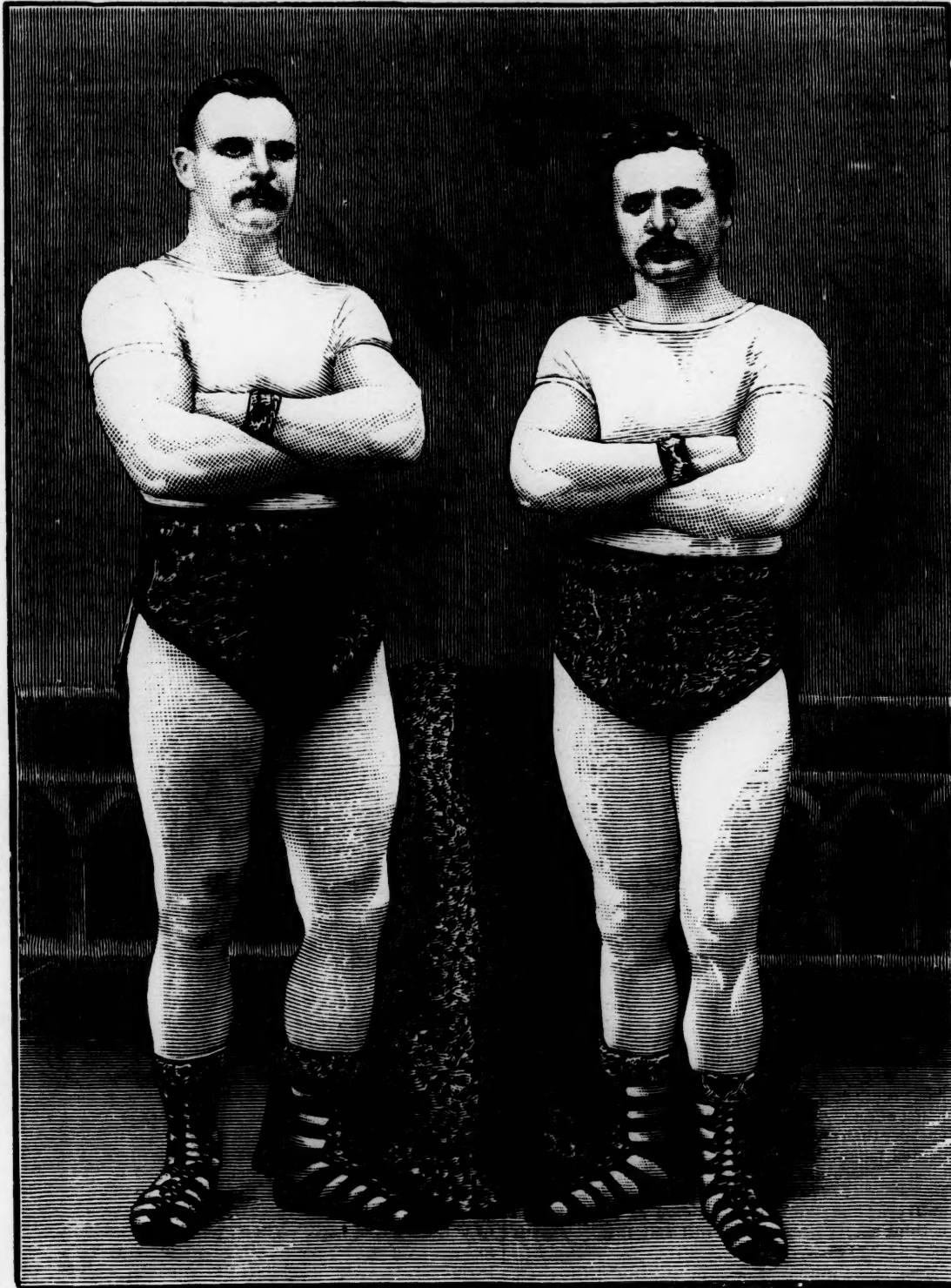
The McCann Brothers.

In this week's issue we publish the pictures of Henri and Louis McCann, better known in England as the McCann Brothers, the champion athletes of the world, who are creating such a furore in England by their wonderful feats of strength. On their arrival in this country they will be prepared to back themselves against any two men in America, or singly against any one man, for \$1,000 a side. Their feats consist of raising the heavy dumb-bell, throwing heavy weights, lifting a heavy bar of iron over their heads with one hand so as to form a horizontal bar, and allowing two men at one time to perform different feats on it, and a number of other marvellous exhibitions of strength.



MATT GRACE.

THE NOTED SPORTING MAN; DIED, NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1883



HENRI AND LOUIS McCANN

THE CHAMPION ATHLETES OF ENGLAND.

A Scandal of Jesse James.

The libel suit of Geo. B. Hite and wife against the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., for the publication of statements relating to an alleged liaison between Mrs. Hite and the late Jesse James, came to a conclusion on March 28, the jury finding for defendant. The amount sued for was \$25,000. A series of questions were submitted to the jury, which were answered in substance as follows: Mrs. Hite had been in love with and had a liaison with Jesse James; that she had deserted her husband; that she had corresponded clandestinely with a young man in

the neighborhood; that the Jesse James liaison had caused disaffection in the Hite family; that Mrs. Hite swore out a warrant against Wood Hite, her step-son, charging him with killing the negro Turner, because Hite caught him carrying notes from Mrs. Hite to a young man; that the publication in the *Courier-Journal* was substantially true; that it was not made with malicious intent to slander and injure; that there were rumors in the neighborhood affecting Mrs. Hite's character for chastity and virtue, and that the defendant had reason to believe them true. The case has excited much attention, the court-room being daily crowded. Plaintiffs made a terrific fight, through able attorneys, but old Hite's admission of his wife's infidelity, made by him to Governor Crittenden, of Mis-

souri, detailed by the latter from the witness stand, clinched the strong proof the *Courier-Journal* had already offered, and the verdict creates no surprise among those familiar with the facts. Two more cases for \$25,000 each, brought by the same parties against the *Courier-Journal*, will probably never be heard from again. The libel suit racket will not work as profitably in Kentucky as in New York, you see.

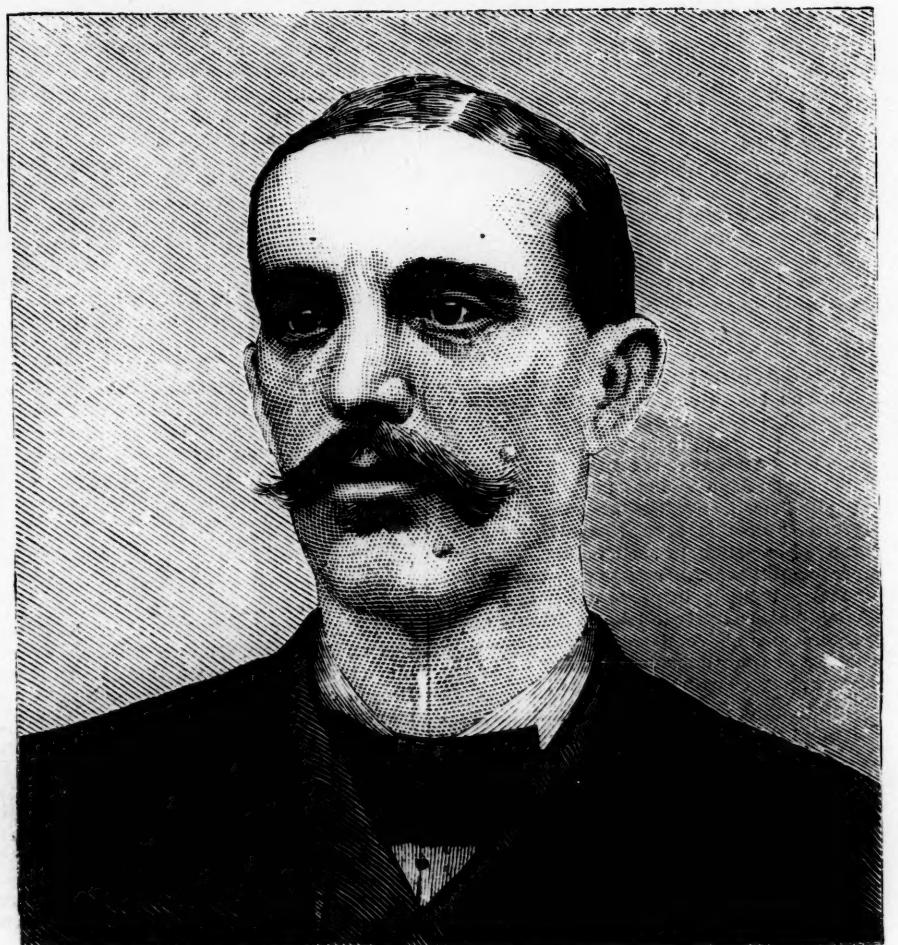
A Sad Tragedy.

At Newburg, Ind., on March 30, Remus Harrington shot and killed Lyman Gilliland, his son-in-law. Gilliland married the daughter of Harrington about two years ago, since which time the two families have resided together until a few weeks ago, when a family trouble arose and Gilliland and his wife separated. On March 23 the wife obtained an order from the court giving her possession of the household furniture and effects, which she appropriated. This exasperated her husband, and while in a passion he took an axe and demolished everything in the house. He then left the town, and did not put in an appearance until the 30th, when he called at the house of his father-in-law. Hot words ensued between the two men, and Harrington seized a shotgun and fired a heavy load of buckshot into Gilliland. The shot took effect in the left breast killing him instantly. Both men have had respectable names heretofore and were considered good, honest workmen. Harrington is about fifty years of age, and was a prominent member of the Masonic brotherhood. Gilliland was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge. The affair has thrown the whole community into great excitement.

Sanctimony and Seduction.

Louisiana Heath, a young woman aged twenty-four, of West Plains, Mo., lived as "help" in the family of Rev. Mr. Richardson of South Fork, Mo. She is afflicted with a disease of the eye which has caused almost total blindness, and the parson made great show of charity in giving her shelter under his roof. On March 14, the young woman called at the residence of John Stuart, her sister's husband, and left a bundle there for safe keeping. On examination this package was found to contain the remains of a dead infant newly born. She was arrested on a charge of having murdered her offspring. The poor girl made a statement that the preacher Richardson was the father of the child, alleging that she was induced to submit to his embraces through fear of losing a shelter, in the complete helplessness of her situation; and that she accidentally killed her babe in the act of self-delivery. The case is to be fully investigated and many shocking points, it is expected, will be evolved in the course of the legal proceedings.

At the Denver and Rio Grande Green River station on the night of March 23, Dick Sims, full of red-eye, went to a dance hall and shot a sewing-machine agent named January, the ball entering his forehead and glancing off. Sims, angry at the escape of his victim, clubbed his pistol and knocked down three bystanders. He then left, firing, at the door, a parting shot, which struck one of the inmates, Em Thompson, in the abdomen, inflicting probably a fatal wound.



CHARLES S. WHEELER,

OF NAPOLEON, O., TRAINER AND DRIVER OF FAST TROTTERS.

It Was the Cat.

A remarkable case of feline sagacity has set all the old maids in these parts, and some young ones, too, in raptures. At half-past four o'clock, on the morning of March 20, a fire broke out in the basement of No. 138 Eldridge street, New York. A cat that slept in the arms of Lizzie Altfeas, a girl who occupied the second story rear room, saved them all from a horrible death. It alarmed its mistress by scratching her face. The girl arising, found breathing already difficult and opened the hall door to find out the cause. All was still in the house, but a stifling, hot smoke poured up the stairs that quickly explained matters. Shutting the door the girl threw open the window, and shouting at the top of her voice, jumped out on the stable roof. She fell on a skylight directly beneath her window, and went through a slate, conveying light to the floor below. While hanging by her hands, trying to pull herself up, she heard the other windows overhead open and the men boarders jump. Henry Hamerel fell with a thump beside her, likewise on a skylight, and lay with a broken leg. From another attic window hung Andreas Bauer, a butcher, with his feet almost touching the roof. Lizzie crawled out of the trap and with a vigorous pull brought him down. Her place in the shute was immediately filled by the portly form of the landlady, Mrs. Caroline Witpan, who, after hanging from the window sill of the front room, in which she slept, for some minutes, yelling for help, was pulled in by her husband and guided through an adjoining room to the rear. As she stepped from the window she fell in the skylight trap and was very badly cut. Frederick Witpan, her husband, who to reach this goal of safety had been compelled to batter down a locked door, passage through the hallway being cut off, stepped on the roof unhurt with his

child, warned by the fate of his spouse, whom he thereupon pulled from the slate with no little difficulty, as she was firmly wedged in. No one was burned—thanks to the cat.

In the Toils at Last.

Detective-sergeant "Billy" McLaughlin, of Inspector Byrnes' staff, did a valuable piece of detective work on March 31st in arresting, on the corner of 54th street and 8th avenue, New York city, Henry C. Bullard, alias W. C. Russell, alias H. C. Maltby, one of the most adroit swindlers in this country. For the last three years this worthy has not alone swindled numberless hotel-keepers and other persons by means of bogus checks, but he has also induced two confiding females to marry him. Two days after his arrest he was arraigned before Recorder Smyth in the court of General Sessions,

when he pleaded guilty to swindling Mr. Earle, of Earle's hotel, and was sent up to Sing Sing for five years. The police place the amount of his thievings and swindlings at \$200,000.

How Lieut. Schwatka Was Robbed.

When Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, 3d. U. S., cavalry, went West under orders to join the staff of General Miles at Fort Vancouver, he gave a power of attorney to William P. Hanscom to collect from the paymaster general \$2,226. Falling an accounting from Hanscom, Schwatka had his attorney arrested, when the latter disgorged \$1,000. It was found that under the statutes in force in the District no criminal suit against Hanscom would hold and Schwatka's only remedy was by civil suit. The money was the sum appropriated by Congress near the end of its last session to make up to Schwatka his

famous Mexican principal of the forced loan. The merry party was journeying through a most romantic piece of woodland exploring the interesting points with rare delight when they were suddenly brought to a stop by being confronted by a tramp of the most forbidding aspect. Taking good aim with a rifle and keeping a keen eye on the whole party he whined, "Please help the blind." They suddenly became charitable and giving up all they had to the poor blind man, they made haste away from the dangerous locality. The Nashville authorities have been notified and the detectives are on the lookout for that blind man, who, notwithstanding his affliction, seems competent to see his way clear out of any difficulty.

H. W. EATON, the murderer of Calais, Me., released on bail, fled on March 23, leaving his bondsmen in the lurch.

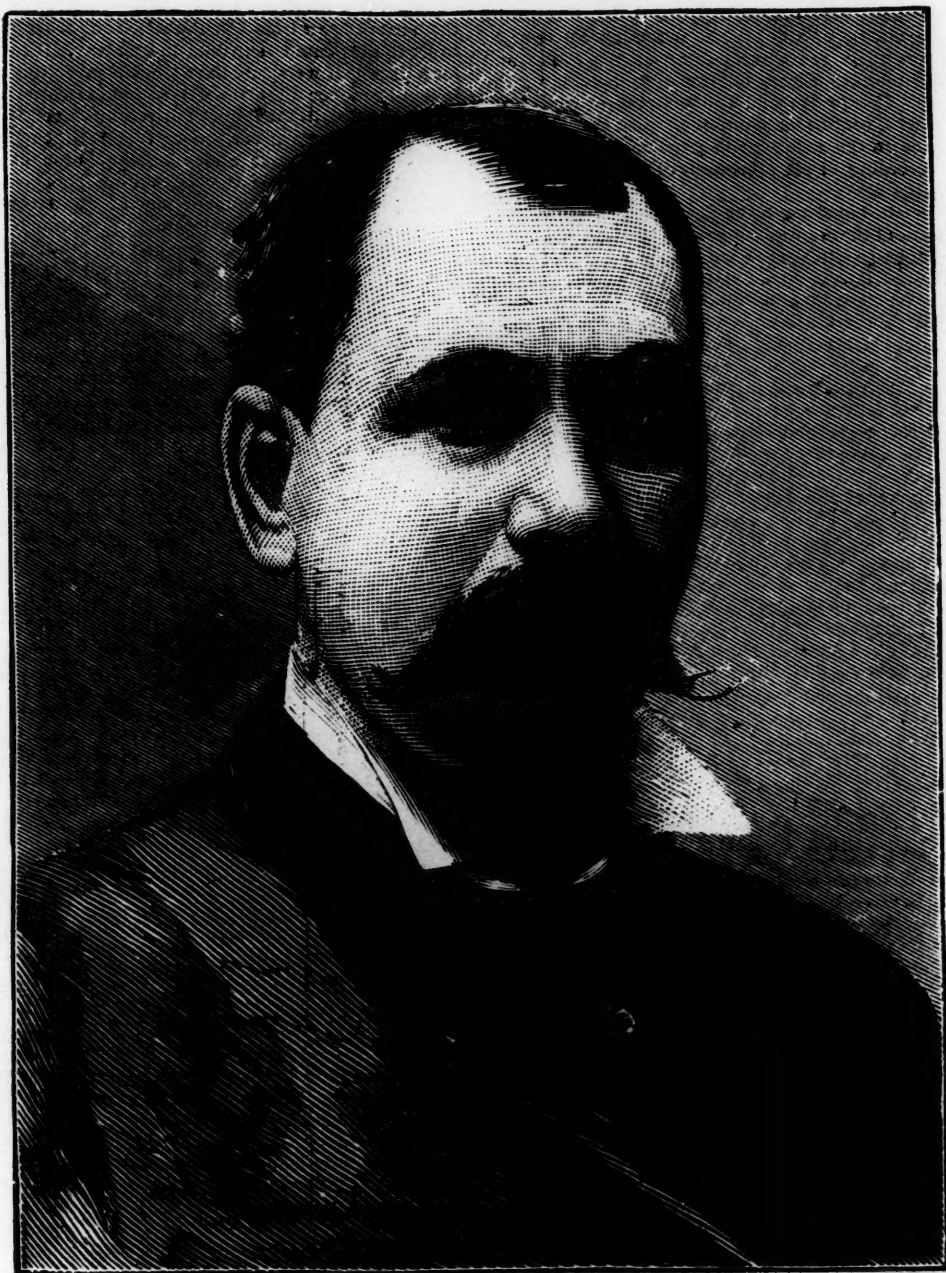


PLEASE HELP THE BLIND.

HOW A TENNESSEE TRAMP FORCED A PARTY OF ROMANTIC TRAVELERS TO MAKE HIM CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Please Help the Blind.

Mendicancy has taken on heroic forms since the tramps became a power in the land. Either the beggar has been dignified or the bold highwayman has been deteriorated to make the new style. A party of travelers in Tennessee had a chance to exercise their charity the other day on the



INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES,

THE WELL KNOWN AND EFFICIENT CHIEF OF THE CENTRAL DETECTIVE FORCE OF NEW YORK CITY.



WM. P. HANSCOM,

THE AGENT WHO SWINDLED LIEUT. SCHWATKA OUT OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS.



HENRY C. BULLARD,

THE SWINDLER AND BIGAMIST ARRESTED IN NEW YORK BY DETECTIVE M'LAUGHLIN.



SAVED BY A CAT.

HOW GRIMALKIN SCRATCHED HER SLEEPING MISTRESS' FACE AND GAVE TIMELY WARNING THAT A NEW YORK TENEMENT WAS ON FIRE.

THE FEMALE SPORTS OF NEW YORK.

BY
ONE OF THEM.

CHAPTER V.

"CAMILLE."

Twenty years ago there lived in a large western city a little German doctor, who was one of the characters of the place. He was opinionated and eccentric, but a master of his profession, and as such was popular and extensively patronized. Doctor X. had, among other hobbies, one with regard to the education of women. He believed that girls should be brought up with as much freedom and independence of thought as boys, a theory which he illustrated on his only daughter.

While yet a child little Camille, for she had been christened with that ominous name, was her father's constant companion. When he drove in of a morning from his house in the suburbs to his city office she was at his side, after handling the ribbons for him. She early learned to make up his prescriptions, and kept the office for him while he made the rounds.

A willful and bright child, she grew up into a willful and clever girl. At sixteen she was one of the most beautiful, brilliant and independent girls in the city.

Thus, she had had little relationship with the other sex. Indeed, she had been rather averse to forming any. She had flirted with no end of boys, but permitted liberties to none. Everybody in town knew her and she knew every one. But she knew how to take care of herself and she did it.

Until that chance came which comes to the strongest as well as the weakest of us. His name was —, but that doesn't matter. He was known among his intimates as "the butterfly," and as "the butterfly" he is known to-day.

Camille met the butterfly at a party, and next day he remarked to a friend:

"I made a mash last night, Bob."

"No!" replied Bob, incredulously.

"But I did."

"Were you at the insane asylum?"

"Not much."

"Then how did you do it?"

"If I told you you'd be doing it too and spoil the business."

"But who is she?"

"Camille —"

"The devil!"

"No. A d-d pretty girl and she's dead gone on me." Of course nobody believed this, but it was true all the same. The butterfly and Camille had indeed found affinities in one another.

A few months after this Camille married, but she did not forget her old love for the new. In fact, it was pretty broadly hinted that she had only one love and that that was not her husband.

However, that may have been, she and the butterfly did not become estranged. Her husband was too busy plying up the dollars for him to notice them, till one fine day, about a year later, she vanished from his house and from the city.

This event came about a few days after the butterfly vanished from his familiar faro banks and gin mills, in consequence of a bastardy suit brought against him by a young lady of the Hebrew persuasion, with whom he had whittled away the time when Camille was too busy at home to attend to him.

For a couple of years the careers of the butterfly and Camille were involved in obscurity. They were seen in various localities about the western country, sometimes together, sometimes apart. Then Camille made her appearance in New Orleans, where the butterfly simultaneously became an ornament of the gaming houses at the free lunches.

And here occurred the first event in Camille's career which brought her into public notice.

Victor Fairbault was a wealthy sugar planter of western Louisiana. He was a native Creole and made some pretensions to noble ancestry, which had led to his being nicknamed "the Count." In spite of all his money he was a handsome blackguard, a cruel master, a dishonest debtor, a false friend and a gross voluptuary. The Count had no ambition but to gratify his appetites, and, to do him credit, he did that to perfection.

Like every Louisiana planter, Victor Fairbault's earthly heaven was New Orleans, and when he visited the crescent city, which he did every year, he made the ducaats fly with barbaric profusion. He always had a young woman, of that class which is not in the habit of saying "No," to assist him in this, and shortly after Camille's appearance there he fell in with her at a theatre and elected her to the honor of his favorite.

Camille was a fit match for the Count. She could drink bumpers of champagne and brandy with him, glass for glass, till both were carried to bed in a communion of besottedness. When he beat her, which, owing to a certain jealousy and violence natural to a temperament kept at fever heat all the year round, was not rarely, she fought back. One day, while he was lashing her with a dog whip, she gave him a black eye.

From that time forth the Count loved her.

"May the devil roast my soul!" he used to say to his friends, "but she is a woman of spirit; I can deny her nothing."

Some one carried the remark to the fair Camille, and she was not long in putting his sincerity to the test. He met the ordeal nobly. His ducaats melted away faster than his man's foaled, but he rolled the golden stream out like another Paeolus, and without flinching. In three months, from September until December, 60,000 ducaats, or \$144,000, found their way from the Fairbault treasure chests into the coffers of dressmakers and jewelers of New Orleans. Then the Count began to grumble.

"It is going a little too steep," he said. "You devour money as my horses do oats."

"Chut! What would you have?" was the reply, "one must keep up one's position."

"At this rate we will soon have no position to keep up. We are squandering money as if we owned a gold mine."

"Eh, well then. Let us go to work and make some."

"But how?"

"Let us open a club-house!"

"Me open a club-house!"

"In my name, of course. We shall soon see how our losses are made up. And no one need know you are concerned in the matter."

It was an evil hour for the Count. He consented.

It soon became known that the fair new comer from the north had opened the doors of her cozy little villa for social entertainment. The gilded youth of the city flocked to worship her. Faro and roulette whirled away the time and the establishment was soon in full blast.

The count, in order the more effectually to conceal his connection with the disreputable speculation by which he hoped to profit, caused the rumor to be circulated that he had had a final rupture with his mistress. It became generally supposed that Camille had quarreled with him, and extorted enough money from him to open her club with.

At first business was excellent, and Victor Fairbault rubbed his hands as he counted over the spoils. But the tide of fortune shortly began to change. Camille was in bad form. There was a dead run against the bank, and it not only lost all its winnings, but every dollar of the reserve fund. Certain that luck would change, the count began diving into his treasure chests again. They had already been sapped so steadily that it did not take long to exhaust them. Finally he was reduced to accepting the good offices of a venerable Hebrew, who lent him money, at 25 per cent., on the security of his title deeds. Still the bank kept on losing, as if it never intended to win. Fairbault then sought that last recourse of an infatuated gamster. He frequented and played at other hells to get money to run his own.

His luck was excellent. It seemed that he could not lose; but win as he would, the voracious club-house engulfed all. After breaking three minor banks in rapid succession, he found himself, one evening, playing at a fourth, and with his usual luck, too.

Beside him sat a handsome young fellow, a type of the fast youth, who was losing as heavily as the count was winning. The young man was by no means sober and a friend who stood behind his chair was earnestly endeavoring to draw him from the table.

"You have had enough for to-night," he said. "A couple of plays more and you will be beggared."

"What of that?" was the gay reply. "Camille has more. As long as she wins I can afford to lose."

"Who is that young man?" asked the count of the dealer, later on.

"What?" was the reply. "Don't you know him?"

"If I did I wouldn't ask who he is."

"Well, he is the lover of that old girl of yours, Camille."

Victor Fairbault stopped playing, and went home pensive. That night Camille turned in a more appalling account of losses than ever. Such luck had never been heard of. The count bit his lip, and said something to himself that was not a prayer.

The next evening one of Camille's faro dealers found a solid looking elderly personage strolling along the levee. From the uncertain way in which he walked it was plain that he had a bottle or two of wine under his waistcoat. His curious examination of all about him denoted him, with equal certainty, a stranger. A solid stranger, and drunk! What business had he in the street when a faro table was ready to win his money from him?

The stool pigeon descended on him like a vulture on its prey. Within ten minutes the elderly personage had a seat at Camille's table. He played steadily and lost. Other men about him played steadily and lost. An endless tide of gold rolled into the dealer's box and the fair Camille, radiant with smiles and diamonds flitted to and fro, consoling with her ready wit even the heaviest losers.

"The bank is in luck to-night," observed the stranger to his neighbor.

"To-night and every night. It never loses."

"What—never?"

Instead of answering from a well known comic opera the stranger's neighbor probably explained that he had been a frequenter of the place from the start and that his luck had been uniform and great.

"We call it the Fortunatus," he said. "For the purse of whoever owns it must be always full."

At this moment a young man entered, at sight of whom the stranger gave a start. He was a dandy of the most superb type, but haggard and nervous. He passed rapidly through the room and through a curtained doorway at the end. Camille, who had been watching the play, followed him at once. The stranger pocketed a bet he was about to make, and left the table.

Camille had just entered the curtained room. The young man was kicking the logs in the fireplace with an impatient foot, as she said:

"So then you are in trouble again?"

"Do you need to ask me?" was the response. "I have just escaped arrest by a back window. Old X.—is after me for those bills."

"What do they amount to?"

"A thousand dollars."

"But you had three thousand dollars from me last week."

"I must have a thousand from you to-night or go to jail. Which shall it be?"

"But this is ruinous. For two months now, you have had not only the winnings of the tables here, but the count's money, beside. He begins to suspect."

"He does more than suspect," said a voice which made her utter a shriek of consternation. "He knows."

A minute later the players outside were startled by an uproar in the curtained room. There were shrieks, oaths, cries for help and the breaking of furniture and glass. Then the curtain was torn from its rings and a badly damaged young man hurried out into the gaming hall. He clutched in his hand a long, grizzled, red false beard.

When the police, summoned by the noise, descended on the demoralized temple of chance, they found the fair, but false, Camille being thrashed to a mummy by the cane of a party in the dress of a raw planter, but with the face of Count Victor Fairbault. If they had arrived but a few minutes later she would have needed a coffin instead of a hospital bed.

The count was locked up to await the result of his victim's injuries. It then transpired that he had been mercilessly and persistently leached by his mistress to supply the demands of her lover. Even the furniture and fittings of the club-house had been mortgaged

to supply him with funds. Fairbault had actually been paying for his clothing along with the liveries for the servants of the club-house, and among the items in the jeweler's bill of \$10,000, which was presented to him on the day of his release from confinement, after an examination, were several for costly trinkets for his rival.

This was the final straw which fractured the camel's spine. The count kicked the jeweler down stairs and was at once arrested for assault. While he was wrestling with the law the servants sacked the club house to repay themselves for arrears of wages, his valet plundered his residence of everything worth plundering, and Camille and her lover had already collected their spoil and gone to —; where did not at the time transpire.

They next appeared together at the centennial exposition in Philadelphia. There Camille hooked on to the representative of a foreign banking house. Her acquaintanceship with Fairbault had inspired her with a fondness for titles. She followed the bogus count with a real baron.

The baron, singularly enough, lasted for four years. Then he blew his brains out in his bath, and Camille and the butterfly took a trip to Europe on their pickings.

They spent six months and all their money there and came back on free tickets obtained from a steamship agent in Liverpool by the persuasions of Camille. Returned to the metropolis they settled down in handsome apartments as brother and sister and proceeded to enjoy life as of old.

At first their lines were hard ones. Camille had no solid acquaintances and the faro tables of New York were too strong for the rural talents of the butterfly. But they pulled through, somehow, till fortune came their way in the person of a very nice young man with a fortune to match, who fell in with Camille on a Coney Island boat, and signified a desire to continue the acquaintance.

He was permitted to do so, and in two years was glad to obtain a position as clerk in the banking house which had formerly done business for him.

And now the fates which controlled Camille's career brought her into connection with another of our famous female sports. Let the story of the involvement form our next chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

The Great East River Structure Carried by Storm by Reckless Urchins.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the episodes of April fool's day in Gotham, the most sensational was a charge of New York and Brooklyn urchins on the great East River bridge which they carried by storm and whereon they held high revel in spite of the feeble force of watchmen and the stronger reinforcement of "cops" who were summoned to clear the half completed structure. Four watchmen were on Sunday duty at the bridge entrances. Two were posted between the towers and one at each of the entrances, New York and Brooklyn. Numbers of people who had passes to cross had saved them until Sunday, but they were refused, owing to an order that none should cross who had not a pass issued specially for a Sunday. This occasioned confusion at the bridge entrances, and the gamins, quick to detect any irregularity in the course of affairs, took in the situation with an eager eye to turn it to his advantage.

On the New York side a rough gang gathered about the people who had passes, and the mob swelled shortly to formidable proportions. The roughs behind pressed those in front, the gates were burst open, the gate-keeper was overwhelmed and the mob charging by, fairly took the bridge by storm. The Brooklyn crowd made a similar charge, and both forces joined in the middle of the bridge, swarming all over it, climbing up on the wires, poising on the cables and cutting monkey capers on the dizzy heights of the towers. The bridge and the network of wires were black with venturesome urchins, whose shrill cries of defiance to the police made pandemonium as nothing, according to all preconceived ideas of poetry or prose.

When the novelty of being on the structure had worn off, some of the more mischievous commenced to throw granite chips, pieces of board, iron bolts, etc., into the river, and it was rumored that one of the missiles landed on the deck of a Fulton ferryboat. The most serious thing that occurred was the stoning of some Italians by a dozen roughs from New York. The Italians were quietly sunning themselves around the door-steps of their houses at the time, and when the stones began to fall they became so enraged that they procured revolvers, and several shots were fired. Just about this time the New York police appeared and drove the whole crowd off the bridge.

A number of men appeared on the roof of a house, in New York, near the bridge, and were at once assailed by the boys on the bridge, who used as missiles the fine stones with which the railroad track of the bridge is ballasted. The men carried on the battle with various missiles, but were soon worsted and driven from their position. Up to a late hour at night passengers on the ferryboats could hear childish voices from the network of wires, and the frisky urchins who had evaded the police were disporting in the darkness and having a rare time. It occupied the officers half the night in hunting them out and taking them singly from the bridge. The scene of the charge and the battle was very thrilling as viewed from the POLICE GAZETTE office.

HIGH LIFE ELOPEMENT.

Cleveland's fashionable circles are in a flutter of excitement over the elopement of two of its shining lights. Miss Katharine Hartness is one of the society belles of Cleveland. Charles H. Potter is a rich banker of the same place. Miss Hartness belongs to one of the best families in Cleveland. She is a handsome young heiress and leader of aristocratic society. Potter has been her attendant for some time and it was rumored lately that they were engaged to be married. The parents of Miss Hartness objected to the wedding. A few evenings ago the young couple attended the opera house where Salvini presented "Othello." They occupied front seats and were whispering together all evening.

When the play reached that point where the dusky Moor kills Desdemona the couple arose and left the theatre. They proceeded to the Union depot and took a train for Pittsburg; arriving there went to the Monongahela house and soon after were married by Rev. Dr. Scoville. A telegram was received by the parents stating "that marriage had taken place and couple would return after two weeks' wedding tour."

CAGED AT LAST.

A Detective Follows a Murderer for Five Years and Finally Captures Him.

A few days ago the loungers who hang about the railroad station at Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, were startled by an engine and passenger coach which passed by the depot at lightning speed. They had been expecting the arrival of a train on which a murderer was to arrive, and it was said that an attempt would be made to delay the assassin's departure by the serving of legal papers. The train which passed did not stop until Barton, a side track station near the Julesburg junction, was reached, and here the special train waited for No. 4 and the passengers were again transferred to the latter. This movement was but one of a series in the course of the capture and return to Ohio of one of the most noted criminals of the day. His name is Lew Houck, alias Doc Davis, now under arrest for murder.

The murder for which Houck was arrested was committed in a passenger coach of the Columbus and Hocking Valley railroad, at Delaware, Ohio, January 21, 1878; the victim was Powell Lowman, a liquor drummer from Columbus, Ohio. Lowman, Houck, Frank Houghton and an unknown man were playing at three-card monte on the train. Houck was the dealer, Houghton and the "unknown" were cappers, and Lowman the "sucker." After losing \$70 Lowman made a stupendous "kick." Houghton and the "unknown" jumped the train, and Houck stuck the muzzle of a revolver into Lowman's mouth and blew his brains out. He then jumped from the train and fled.

John J. Norris, a detective in the employ of the railway company, was set to work on the case, and followed Houck to Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Virginia; Savannah, Georgia; to Cuba, Mexico, Illinois, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California. In conversation with a Wyoming gentleman, a passenger on No. 4, on Sunday morning Mr. Norris said: "Houck is the shapeliest criminal I have ever known. I have tracked him over 20,000 miles, always to be baffled, until I finally ran him down at Los Angeles. He is a 'short-card' sharp and highwayman, and has in the last five years piled his vocation with remarkable success in twenty states of the Union, in Cuba, Mexico and France. A short time ago I learned that he was to be found in New Mexico. I went to Deming, only to find that he had fled. Not knowing where he had gone, I had to use strategy. Houck had a friend in Deming, a gambler, who, I felt confident, knew of the murderer's whereabouts. This man knew me, on seeing me, and accosted me with the words: 'Hello, Norris, are you after me?' I answered no. But he went to the telegraph office in Deming and wrote out a dispatch to be sent during the night. After he left the office I went in and, introducing myself as a telegraph man, was soon on easy terms with the operator. Presently a lady came in to send a message, and while the operator was busy with her I got the telegram that was intended for Houck. It read:

"LOS ANGELES, California.—Doc Davis: Screw your nut. Look out for Ohio. H."

"Seizing a rubber, I erased the word 'Angeles' and wrote 'Vegas' instead. Of course the telegram was then sent to Las Vegas, New Mexico, instead of Los Angeles, California. Then I sent a description of Houck to Sheriff Currier, of Los Angeles, who detailed a deputy named George Guard to look up the murderer. Guard soon found him and trapped him into the Sheriff's office, where he was confronted with the description and was placed under lock and key. After telegraphing to Ohio for a requisition on the state of California, I left Deming for Los Angeles, where my bird was safely caged. Houck has many warm friends among the gamblers of the Pacific coast. Some of them came down from San Francisco and other points to see if they could help him in any way. It looked for a time as if we would have trouble in getting him to San Francisco after the writ of habeas corpus was issued, but Sheriff Currier and three of his deputies got him into a baggage car, where they fortified themselves with revolvers and rifles, and brought him through safely. I got the extradition papers from Governor Stoneman, and am now on the way East. I am told that I may look for an interruption of my journey at Cheyenne. Officers may be at the depot with a writ. But I'll get ahead of them."

Detective Norris has an order from the Hocking Valley company on every railroad in the United States to provide him with passes, special trains, or whatever he might need. Accordingly, he called on the Union Pacific for a train, and he ran through Laramie and Cheyenne without making a stop. Deputy Sheriff Hosford and Marshal Carr were at the railroad yard on the arrival of No. 4, and inquired for the prisoner. When told that he had gone through by a special train, they remarked that they merely wished to see Norris socially, and had no idea of taking away his prisoner.

SHE WAS TOO DOMESTIC.

John Berl, the son of a well-known Baltimore County, Md., farmer, was arrested, on March 28, on the charge of having seduced Miss Louisa M. Straus, a young girl of eighteen, who, until that date, had been employed in the family as a domestic. The girl is quite pretty. The girl states she was seduced while in the family. When she could no longer conceal her disgrace, she informed the members of the household of her condition and asked for assistance. They seemed to think, however, that their domestic was growing too domestic when she undertook to contribute to the family circle. Instead of being aided she was rudely thrust from the door and warned never to return. Much sympathy has been extended to the girl, while strong language has been used regarding the action of her employer in turning her from his house in her delicate condition.

A FATAL GAME OF CARDS.

On March 23 a dispatch was received from Muskogee, Indian Territory, giving the following details of a lively game of poker: On the border of the territory of the Seminole nation, Brady Bretney, Ed Perryman, Billy Grimmitt and an Indian engaged in a game of cards, which finally ended in a free fight, in which the Indian killed Bretney and Perryman. Grimmitt, who took no active part in the fight, was accidentally killed during the shooting by one of the three. The next morning two brothers, named Mose and Gabriel Marshall, friends of the dead men, followed the Indian, who had fled, and, coming up with him, killed his body with bullets.

NEW YORK BEAUTIES.

Lovely Pictures Which Are Not Exhibited to the Public.

A Give Away of the Piquant Racket the Artists of Gotham Have in their Studios.

"If I give you a few spicy facts concerning a clever woman's scheme to make an honest dollar, you will keep it dark, won't you?" said a photographer to a *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter. "Of course," he replied. "Newspaper men always keep things as dark as printer's ink will make them. Give me the 'horrible details'."

"Well, to begin with, New York is as live a place and contains more smart men and women than any city in the country. It is a forty-degree-below-zero day when New York can't hold up its end in the sensation line. Some two months ago I was engaged by a charming young lady, who is as bright as the new five-cent piece, and much better made, to give her practical instructions in the mysterious art of photography. She was quick to learn, and, after a few trials, could adjust the camera stand, focus correctly, wear that omniscient look characteristic of the 'photo man,' and wait off. 'Raise your chin a little. That's it. Turn your head more to the right. Not so much. There, that will do. Don't raise that left shoulder so high. Keep your mouth closed, please. Fix your eyes on this corner here, and keep them there. You may wink, but don't move. Now put on a pleasant expression. Smile a little. Not so much. Steady now; don't move,' in true professional style. But that was as far as she could go. The developing room was too much for her. The chemical baths mixed her all up, and after she had made several grand failures she declared that she didn't want to know anything about those 'nasty things.' She became a valuable assistant, however, on camera work. When fussy mothers came in with their squalling and homely kids she petted them and pleased the mothers by going into ecstasies over the 'cunning and pretty little darlings.' I always hated to see mothers with their children come into my gallery. They are such nuisances. You never can satisfy them. One day my pupil informed me that she had learned enough of photography for her purpose and intended to start into it by herself. She then unfolded her little scheme, which I instantly saw would be a paying one. Her idea was to open a gallery exclusively for ladies and cater to the natural vanity of her sex. No gentlemen were to be admitted, and she and a lady assistant were to run the place. She wanted some one to take charge of the developing room, and, as she could not find a female competent to do so, offered me the position, which I accepted, business being dull.

A charming little studio was fitted up in a swell front house on 23d street, which was well located for the purpose, having a side entrance away from the frequented street. Elegant furniture was provided, costly carpets covered the floors, rare paintings adorned the walls, and marble statues of the female form divine ornamented the atelier and gave tone to the surroundings. It was placed in an adjoining room out of sight, and it wasn't long before I found a way of seeing what was going on without being seen. And such sights! Why, I wouldn't exchange my position for the presidency of the United States. Business was good from the very start. Word was given to the society belles, and it is now the fashion to visit madam's (French, you know, takes better), and be photographed as one's fancy dictates.

"No doubt some very charming pictures are taken," the reporter ventured to hint.

"Yes, especially those of young ladies who think their personal charms rival those of Venus. It is astonishing how far young ladies considered modest will go to satisfy their vanity. The beautiful daughter of a millionaire banker called at the studio in her carriage last week and had 'photos' taken of herself which I am sure she would not like to have her parents see. She was a little timid at first, but finding only ladies present, expressed the desire to have her face and bust taken in statuette style. The rich silk basque was taken off, the little clothing thrown aside, and she stood, a little shame-faced, before the camera. She was given an artistic position, and a charming picture was the result. She was extremely pleased, and is now a regular customer."

"Do they ever go further than that?"

"Quite often. There is one sweetly-shaped maiden, of good family, who is almost a monomaniac on the subject of her form, and has good reason to be proud of her charms, for a more beautifully-shaped woman would be hard to find. Her arms are finely molded, the snowy-white breast is perfect in contour, the waist charming in outline, and the limbs as symmetrical as Dame Nature could make them. Here is a forte for poets, painters and sculptors to go wild over. She delights in full-length 'photos,' and is not at all chary of assuming delightful airy costumes. She is perfect in posing, having made that art a study, and can assume the most artistic attitudes. Her favorite presentation is that of the 'Greek Slave,' and she has dozens of pictures taken in that graceful position in her private album. Another is that of the birth of Venus. There are many other ways in which she is pictured—in fact, whenever she thinks of a new subject for representation, she immediately has a picture taken."

"I suppose most of the fair sex are more modest," remarked the reporter shyly.

"Yes, a little. Perhaps the silliest of mortals are those who desire to look like some actresses they have seen and admired. They come by the dozen, with the idea that if they dress like the actress and assume a similar position they will make fine pictures. The homeliest of girls labor under this hallucination principally, and madame finds it hard work to satisfy them. Some want to be photographed like Lotta, in a short dress and hood, swinging her legs from a hammock in which she is sitting. Mary Anderson is also greatly copied. It is the feminine opinion here that there is no one like her, and her pictures have a great sale. I don't know of an actress who has been more extensively photographed than she. Ladies visit the studio every day and ask to be taken like Miss Anderson as 'Julia,' or some other character. Some of them bring her photographs with them, and others do not. In order to give these stage-struck beauties a choice, a selection of all the principal female celebrities, from Mrs. Langtry and Bernhardt down to Maude Branscombe and Dolly Adams, is provided by madam

and hangs on the wall. Speaking of the British beauty, at the time she was here all the belles of Fifth avenue had their pictures taken as if they were the Jersey Lily as possible for the sake of comparison, there being a great jealousy excited among them concerning her claims for good looks. Nearly all chose to be represented like Mrs. Langtry in full evening dress, and I must say that many of them, in my opinion, surpassed her in point of beauty. A few of the girls select Lydia Thompson, Fannie Louise Buckingham and Pauline Markham as subjects to imitate. There is something about flesh-colored tights and stage tinsel that fascinates society's petted darlings, and they all have a burning desire to be photographed in a costume which will show their shape and still be within the bounds of decency. But some how or other there is always a great disparity between their lower limbs and those of the actresses. Those of the latter always look plump and pretty, while those of the former are small, though shapely. To make up the deficiency madam furnishes calf and thigh pads, which fill out the form and make it look quite symmetrical.

"Madam is very thoughtful, is she not?"

"It is for her advantage to be. Her patrons come to her with a certain picture in their minds of how they want to appear in the photo, and unless their idea is carried out fully they are not satisfied. She pleases their vanity in every way, and thereby gains and keeps custom. Her assistant was formerly a stage-dresser, and she thoroughly knows her business. She is aware of the great value of the paint-box, and before she subjects pictures in front of the camera she artistically darkens the eyebrows, whitens beneath the eyes, and fixes the corners of the mouth to make it look small. She then does up the hair as it should be done, and after the fair damsel has indicated herself in tights she poses her gracefully and correctly. A good picture is then generally taken."

SALVATION ARMY TACTICS.

An Indignant Wife Makes a Reconnoissance, and Surprises a Picket Post of the Holy Band.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The congregation of Captain Fred Chevalier's church, on Schenck street, near Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, is just now stirred to its depths over a scandal concerning a fair sister named Annie Wade and a married brother named Mr. Foster, who are both prominent lights in the councils of the salvation army.

One evening last week, after the two had spent the evening in wrestling with the cohorts of Satan at the Marcy avenue barracks, the gallant Foster took the young recruit on a night march, which was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of an enemy in the shape of Mrs. Foster.

The indignant wife makes the following report of the skirmish:

"Last Thursday a lady friend called on me and said she noticed that I was troubled about my husband, and if I would call at No. 175 Hall street I could find out the reason. I went to the house indicated, which is a ladies' boarding house, and I found the sister's home, and inquired if Miss Annie Wade lived there and whether any gentlemen ever called on her. I learned enough to convince me that my husband was in the habit of calling for Miss Wade every evening and taking her to Brother Chevalier's church and afterward for long walks.

"When I found this out, I just made up my mind to meet them, so I put on my hat and cloak and waited that evening on the corner of Willoughby and Kent avenues, and by and by they came arm-in-arm, sure enough. I had often met Miss Wade at church, and thought she was very pious and ladylike.

"As soon as they came up to me I just went for her and grabbed her by the throat. I tore her collar off and ripped the feathers out of her hat and bumped her up against the fence until she said I would break her back, and I said I would like to break her neck. Two gentlemen separated us and she ran home."

"What became of your husband?"

"Oh, he just took his hat in his hand and ran as fast as he could. I don't see what he could see in her at all," said Mrs. Foster. "She's real ugly. Well, the next day I found out that he was going to leave town and desert me and my two children. So I went down to the office and stopped his money and got out a warrant for threatened desertion, and when he went to get paid off the detectives arrested him and took him before Judge Walsh, who placed him under bonds. His father, who is one of the nicest old gentlemen that ever lived, went his security and told me to never mind, as he would look after me in case of any trouble."

SHE HAD THE SAND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The modern woman is developing a good deal more courage and nerve in emergencies than her sex gets credit for. Last week the house of a Tremont store-keeper was entered by a couple of the burglars who have of late been infesting the suburbs in veritable gangs. The householder kept his safe in a room adjoining his bedroom, and the noise the robbers made in opening it, which they did with a key they found in a bureau drawer, awakened Brown, the storekeeper, and his wife. Brown took in the situation at a glance, and subsided under the quilts. But Mrs. B. was made of sterner stuff. She reached under her nervous hubby's pillow, and opened fire on the thieves with the revolver her husband was afraid to use. They took to their heels, without removing any of their plunder, and from traces of blood left on the floor one at least must have been wounded. Brown does not like to talk about the affair, and his wife now has her own opinion of him, which no one will be likely to blame her for.

KNOCKED OUT BY DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Club society here was given a serious shock last month. The cause was the sudden and tragic death of one of its members. An old roue, who had exhausted the dissipations of two continents, was prolonging, in his old age, the follies of his youth, when death struck him down at the supper table, with two of his loose female friends. The women, it is said, coolly cleaned out his pockets and appropriated several valuable diamonds he wore before they notified any one of his death. The tragic affair occurred in a swell uptown restaurant, and though the details have been kept remarkably quiet it is quite well known about town. The relatives of the dead man are said to have paid \$2,500 to one morning paper alone to secure its silence on the matter.

WHY THEY LIKE IT.

A Clergyman Comments the Policy of the "Police Gazette."

Every man brings to the *POLICE GAZETTE* letters commending its fearless policy in dealing with hypocrisy and cant. We select from a mass of communications the annexed, which we commend to the notice of our readers:

To the Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*:

Sir—A matter which has of late given us much food for serious thought is, why or for what reason so many who occupy positions in which intelligence and an unbiased mind are so essential to the proper discharge of duties involved, should attempt to decry, and even suppress a journal of such moral worth as is the *POLICE GAZETTE*? It cannot be because it deals only in facts; for truth is a virtue the greatest of all. If it exposes so much of the world's wickedness, it is because there is so much wickedness in the world. If, instead of being exposed and cauterized by public denunciation, this wickedness is cloaked and fostered, it becomes a cancerous and contagious disease. Many very grave crimes in society are so cunningly perpetrated as to defy our civil laws as constructed. Is society or civilization in any way benefited by allowing the offenders to go unscathed? Reason, logic, and even horse sense should convince the obtuse to the contrary. If the strong arm of the law cannot administer chastisement, how are they to be punished if not through the pillory and lash of a fearless, plain spoken press? It is an unfortunate fact that there exists some purveyors, sheets, libels on journalism, that sell their liberty and independence and all hopes or chances of prosperity in the future for a few paltry dollars. In their infancy they toddle and flounder through dirt for a glittering bauble; and henceforth and forever the dirt clings to them and debars them a place in the ranks of independent and prosperous journalism. They are a sickly, dyspeptic, would-be-do-in-the-manner set, ever ready to snarl at their betters who have the vim and talent to climb, while they grovel and wag their tails to welcome the crumbs of patronage that some corrupt official may choose to throw them in recognition of their services in prostituting their little paper in yelling his praises, usually in a vain attempt to drown the hiss of indignation called forth by his dastardly acts. Of course they don't like the *POLICE GAZETTE*. The cur has not got any affection for the boot that kicks the foundation from under his tail.

We like the *POLICE GAZETTE* and give the following as a few of the reasons why we like it: We like bravery; and the *POLICE GAZETTE*, as champion of plain, unvarnished truth without fear, favor, artificial flavor, pity, pains, tinsel, filigree work or fancy touches in whitewash, according to the new patent process to cover up the bad spots, has taken upon its shoulders a ponderous load, to tote through a crowd where the majority is of the kind that its dazzling rays, so penetrating, render transparent the subtle growths of their profligate minds. Some of them with less than the traditional amount of "gumption," have made a break with dorsal fins erect, intent upon knocking truth from its perch and crushing it in in the fifth beneath their slimy bodies. Their efforts have been rewarded with a complete suit made from portraits representing them in all the phases of nastiness in which it is their wont to disport themselves.

We like magnificence. The *Gazette's* aim is to do everything on a magnificent scale, and instead of totting around a small chip on its shoulder, to walk off with a good big load of solid oak, from which one would be tempted, just for fun, to cut enough to make a step ladder that the big fellows of the ill-reputed hands could climb high enough to butt their brains out, if it were not for the smell.

We like truth. Truth is eternal, and when firmly seated on the set of principles fixed by the *POLICE GAZETTE*, is as solid as the mountains, and heeds not the puny efforts of the crawling things that draw the sustenance of their miserable lives from the very action of the earth and the perversion of everything having about it the semblance of good.

We like the *POLICE GAZETTE*, because its field of labor is not confined to any particular locality, nor does position place any out of the reach of its observation and just criticism. The transgressor in white choker and clerical broadcloth, in wig and gown of judicial dignity, in purple and fine linen, and wielding the baton of state, receives his medicine in like kind and does as the tramp and tattered mailman. No "laffy" to sweeten the dose for any of them, and if it does not tickle their aesthetic palates they must henceforth remember that in order to avoid occasion for the disagreeable prescription, they must live in a morally healthy atmosphere, and shun the dark and shady by-ways of hypocrisy and dissimulation. The intention is to give the devil his due, and, if he is a brave devil, to give him credit for the one redeeming quality or any kindred ones he may possess.

There are many other reasons why we like the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and not the least is that we get the worth of our money in art, with the literary gems thrown in, and we like a good bargain. In the end we would say that we don't think we could better the present management of the paper, and consequently have no suggestions to offer as to how you ought to do it. We know "how many beans make five" and how many pumpkins it would take to the bushel after measuring them; but we could not run the *POLICE GAZETTE*. We feel quite happy in allowing that duty to lay on the shoulders of Richard K. Fox.

Ft. Randall, Da.

KILLED IN A BAGNIO.

A Dry Goods Clerk Shot in a Courtizan's Bedroom.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Shortly before 2 o'clock on the morning of April 3, Joe Glenn, a dry goods clerk, was shot and killed by Albert Wing in Mrs. Theresa Prettyman's bagnio in St. Louis. Glenn was killed while in Essie Davis' bedroom. A *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter, who saw Essie Davis, learned that her true name is Mary Eaves and that she is a daughter of Judge Eaves, of Greenville, Ky. "I was married," she explained, in answer to the reporter's inquiries, "in 1880, and was acquainted with Burt Wing and Joe Glenn. After marriage I was frequently visited by Wing, and our relations partially led to a separation, though my husband was a mean man. My husband's name was Edward Ringer. He had two children, who are now cared for by my parents. Glenn lived in Carrollton, Ky., where his mother had charge of a school. I came to St. Louis in 1882, and was recommended to Mattie Roberts by a conductor whom I met on the train. After living in the house seven months I returned home, and when I

came back in August last I met Glenn in Evansville and told him I was coming here.

"I again returned home in October last, and when coming back met Bert Wing at Livermore and arrived here in his company last Saturday. Burt went to see Joe, and last night I was sitting on a chair and Glenn on the edge of the bed when Burt entered. I had been teasing him and keeping him at a distance, in fun, when Burt entered and exclaimed: 'Joe, are you not gone yet?' Joe replied that he was not and didn't intend to. More words followed and Joe drew a rusty old pistol from his coat pocket. Burt closed with him, wrestled the pistol from his hand and shot him."

The girl told Captain Fruchte that an arrangement had been made between Burt Wing and Glenn, whereby Glenn was permitted to escort Mary Eaves to the room and depart at a certain hour, leaving Wing to keep her company later. Wing's account of the tragedy is unchanged. The murderer is said to be a brother of an ambassador to South America.

THE RED MAN AND THE PALE FACES.

Horrors of the Indian Raids in New Mexico and Arizona.

[Subject of Illustration.]

News of a general uprising of the red devils of Arizona and New Mexico is at hand. At Santa Fe, N. M., on March 31, there was a grand campaign begun against the bands of Indians who were making their way back to Mexico in large detachments after their marauding expeditions into the state. The regulars and volunteers made things lively for the redskins, who were intercepted and pursued so closely that they were compelled to abandon their horses and plunder and take to the mountains by the South Pacific road, on foot, finding localities where a mounted pursuit is impossible. A number of outrages were perpetrated by the savages. Their hot pursuit into the mountain passes, where several detached bands were entrapped by the volunteers, on the lower Gila, led to the murder of several captives. One desperate chief especially figured in a terrible dramatic picture. Driven from his hiding place he took refuge on a shelving rock above a deep canyon, and there slaughtered two of his captives, a woman and a twelve years old child. He fell dead a moment after, pierced by a dozen bullets, and toppled over into the gulch clinging to his murdered captives and carrying their bodies with him as he fell.

And while these horrors are being reported, there comes the news from Tucson, Arizona, under date March 31, that the White Mountain tribes openly declare that they will go on the war path this moon unless some definite action is taken by the government. It is feared that an organized body of citizens from Clifton, Globe and Tombstone will take matters into their own hands. The San Carlos reservation people are waiting to give General Crook an opportunity to act. Twenty-seven people have been killed in nine days. At Hermosillo, Mexico, thirty-two people have been killed in nine days. The hostiles are moving toward Arizona, through a sparsely settled region, and the citizens are stockading their homes and laying in supplies of food and ammunition for a siege. The report lately published in these columns, to the effect that a secret society exists among the whites of Arizona to exterminate the male Apaches on the San Carlos reservation and all found roving north of the frontier, is also verified by several authorities. The reservation is regarded by the citizens as a mere base of supply for the Indians—a refuge to which they may retreat when hard pressed, and remain to recuperate and obtain fresh supplies of arms and ammunition.

The best authorities declare that we have only experienced faintly thus far the horrors that are to mark the Indian campaign. The troops and the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico are, however, very active and inclined to take time by the forelock, to the end that they may not lose their scalps by under rating a devilish enemy. They will declare a war of extermination this time and consider the provocation sufficient to justify it.

Among the outrages perpetrated by the Indians on the warpath, was the murder of Judge H. C. McComas and the capture of Mrs. McComas and their six-year old boy by Apaches, on March 28. They were attacked by the Indians while enjoying a drive near Silver City, New Mexico. They were ambushed and captured in Thompson's Canyon. Judge McComas was a brother of ex-Governor McComas, and is well known through Kansas and Missouri as an able lawyer. Mrs. McComas is a sister of Senator E. F. Ware. United States troops and an armed force of citizens started out on the trail immediately after the news was received, determined to hunt down the Indians and rescue the captives.

A WOMAN HANGED.

Mrs. Meeker, the Vermont Murderess, Expires Her Crime.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The execution, on March 30, at Windsor, Vt., of Mrs. Emeline L. Meeker, for the murder of her ward, Alice Meeker, was the first instance of the hanging of a woman since the erection of the prison, in 1808. Since 1870, Ward, Welcome, Tatrow, Magoon, Graveline, Phair, Hayden and Carr have been hanged there, and on the date mentioned Mrs. Meeker was added to the list. The night before, she gave the first sign of weakness at an interview with the chaplain, and he expressed a hope that she would confess. Before she went to bed she knifed a few rounds on a pair of stockings. Soon after midnight she went to sleep and reposed calmly until daybreak, when she arose and put on a neat dress of black cambric with a white ruche around the neck, which the matron had made for her. She said:

"I will not need any crimps to-day," as she combed her long locks out straight and let them depend from her bullet-shaped head. After eating a hearty breakfast with evident relish, she said, "Now, I want to see the gallows." She was then permitted to go into the yard where she talked of her funeral, which she wished to take place at Barre, her native place, and seemed to take a strange pleasure in believing that she would be among her friends and relatives after death. None had the heart to tell her that her husband and daughter had forsaken her, and that her body would be laid in the prison lot at Windsor.

"I am perfectly happy now," she said to the chaplain, as he walked back into the prison with her, "and I am perfectly satisfied to meet our Lord. He will not be ashamed to have me in heaven."

Great crowds came in from all the country around, and the town had more the appearance of a circus day than of a day of death. She died game.



A MURDERESS HANGED.

GRACE DEATH OF MRS. MEEKER, THE CHILD MURDERER, ON THE GALLS AT WINDSOR, VT.



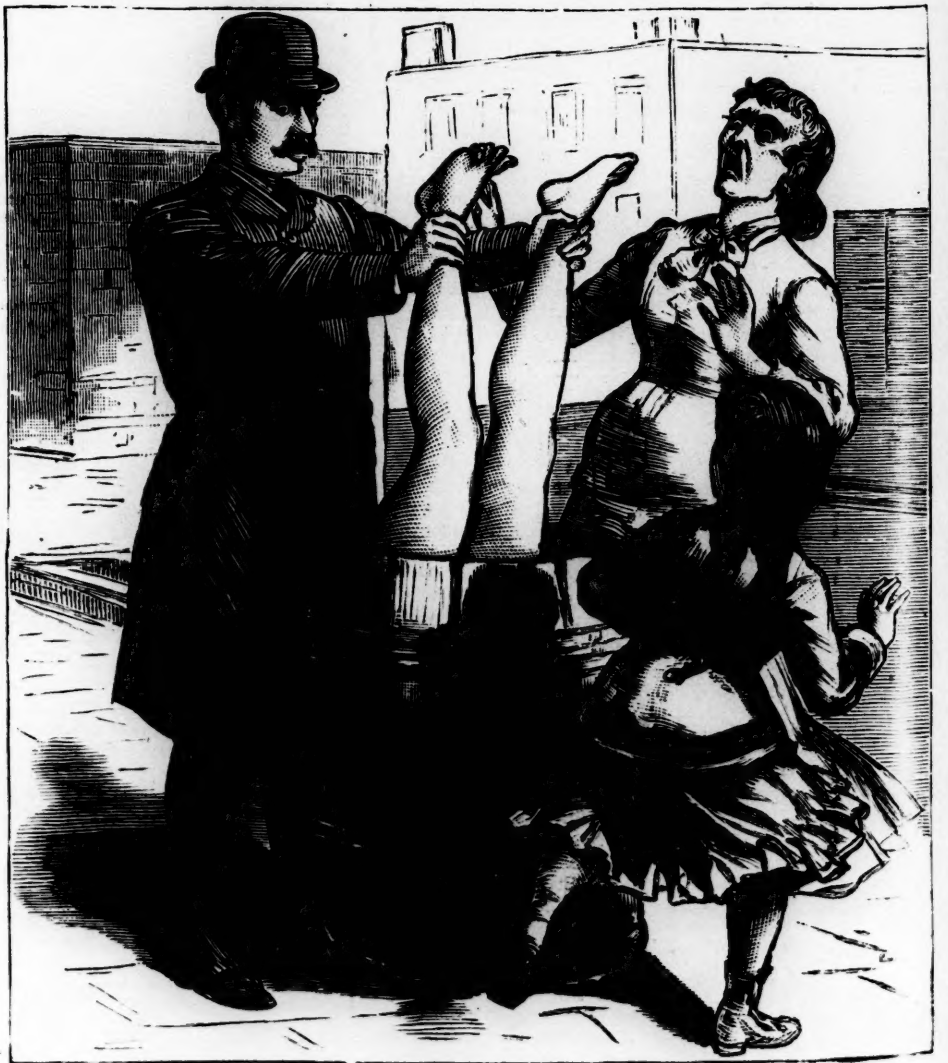
THE SALVATION ARMY, OH!

HOW THE WIFE OF A GALLANT CAPTAIN OF THE BROOKLYN BRIGADE MADE A NIGHT ATTACK ON HER HUSBAND AND ONE OF HIS YOUNG RECRUITS.



THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

THE GREAT EAST RIVER STRUCTURE CARRIED BY STORM BY A CROWD OF NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN URGINS.



A JERSEY CITY SENSATION.

WHAT A VIGILANT POLICEMAN DISCOVERED ON THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE OF A SUSPICIOUS LANDLADY, WHO WAS SCENTING A MURDERER.



THE RIVAL LOVERS.

JOSEPH GLENN FATALLY SHOT IN A ST. LOUIS BAGNIO BY ALBERT WING, IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR MUTUAL FLAME.



HUNTING THE MONGOLIAN TIGER.

CAPTAIN PETTY'S RAID ON THE CHINESE GAMBLING HOUSES, MOTT STREET, NEW YORK.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE.

A Battle to the Death Between Two Lovers with the Loved One for Referee.

A Crowd of Sixty Cold-Blooded Spectators Witness the Fight of the Love-Lorn Youths.

The boss fight for love is reported as having occurred near Honey Creek, Iowa. The contestants were two young men, named John Points and William Moss, who had each laid claim to the affections of the same woman. Being appealed to she declared it was a toss up between them, that she had no preference either way, and suggested that they should fight it out, promising to be present herself and act as referee. The battle ended in the death of Points on the field and Moss was so severely injured that his life is despaired of. The fight, which took place on March 29, was without arms, and in the presence of a large number of spectators, who permitted the fearful contest to go on until it was terminated in the death of one of the combatants.

About a year ago a young woman named Sallie Craig, living between Loveland and Honey Creek, was the sweetheart and promised bride of Wm. Moss, a young farmer, who resided in Loveland, Iowa. In a few months it was agreed that they should be married. Before the wedding day arrived, however, trouble arose between the lovers over the somewhat too attentive presence of John Points, also a young farmer, who resided near Honey Creek. Moss and the girl quarreled and separated, and she was thereafter for a time the beau of his rival. Subsequently the first lover and the girl met again and partially made up their differences. This enraged Points, who had come to regard her as his own, and he sought to pick a quarrel with Moss and in some way get an excuse for putting his hated rival out of the way. The men met on two occasions during the past three months, and each time had a quarrel, and would have fought, but were prevented from doing much damage by the circumstances and parties who separated them.

At a dance, about ten days before the fatal meeting, the rivals again met and came to blows. They were again separated, and the girl was appealed to to determine the question by choosing the one she liked best. She was unwilling to do so, but said that she would go with the one who proved himself the best man. It was accordingly agreed that a time and place should be fixed and there the men should fight it out, the one who was whipped to forever relinquish all claims to the hand of the cause of the trouble. The dispute by this time had been so wildly talked of by the people of both Loveland and Honey Creek that a natural jealousy between the two places easily caused the citizens of each to take sides. The place of the fight was agreed upon as halfway between the rival towns, and the time Thursday afternoon. A man from Loveland seconded Moss and Point's brother acted as his second. The fight was not to be conducted according to any specified rules, but in the most approved rough-and-tumble style. When Thursday afternoon, March 29, arrived about sixty people were on the ground, among whom was the girl who had been the cause of the contest, to witness the brutal affair. The seconds stood with cocked revolvers in hand and warned no one to interfere. The men commenced fighting fiercely. They used fists, heels and teeth, and in clinging and tumbling about rolled over a large area of ground. The fight lasted fifty five minutes, and throughout was one of most brutal character. It was brought to a fatal conclusion by Point's strength entirely giving away, and then Moss, with the last efforts of his madness, stamped upon his prostrate foe and crushed in his breast and kicked in his head. The spectators, at this, overpowered the seconds and dragged the men apart. Point was dying when picked up and expired soon afterwards. Moss had been severely bitten by his antagonist, having had two fingers, an ear and his nose taken off, and was in a deplorable condition from other injuries. He is not expected to live. At the last report no arrests had been made. The whole country is greatly excited over the affair, and it is suspected that severe justice will be dealt out to the woman who caused the trouble and the seconds who kept spectators from separating the combatants.

ANGELS OF INNOCENCE.

Freddie and the Lily Pass Safely Through the Ordeal of Fire.

The Langtry crowd is a high-flavored one and no mistake. It is a retiring mob, too, and a gentle and a respectable one—oh, no, respectable! It is a regular Paul and Virginia combination of innocence. What, for instance, could be more charming than the purely Platonic relations of Freddie and the Lily? Imagine the iron fortitude of this charming pair who travel about together in boy and girl innocence, never for a moment lapsing into wickedness and passing their time in gazing into each other's eyes in rapt delight and perfectly pure admiration. How perfectly charming! There's Freddie, for instance, expending vast sums from his boudoir to enrich hotel keepers, merely to enable him to pay respectful attentions to another man's wife—with nothing wrong in them—not in the least!

Who shall say after this that there are not virtuous men—and chivalrous! Who shall say that a beautiful woman on the stage can't have a young man travel with her without elevating him to marital dignities? When these slanders are spoken or written again let us point to the case of Freddie and the Lily as proof that there are cases where the Paul and Virginia business is realized and where the love of children supplants in adults the more common but grosser and more thoroughly red hot affection of man and woman. If ever there were saints on earth Langtry and Gebhardt are specimens. The perfect confidence with which they have inspired hubby Langtry, proves them remarkable creatures—in fact something quite unearthly in their innocence and virtue. The wicked world, though, will never let saints alone. It is always flinging its slurs at them. So it is nothing wonderful that the escort of the pure Lily by the equally pure chump is often construed to mean bad.

The saints, however, have been thoroughly vindicated lately. The reproach of evil tongues reached the ears of Mr. Langtry across the big pond and he sent over his sister to act as chaperone to his pure and innocent wife. The saint at once made the sister-in-law a slave, and a wretched life she led, charged as she was with the weighty casket of the Lily's virtue.

She had to accompany the Lily and Freddie to all public places and take dinners with them at the most ghastly hours of the night to prevent scandal, and to stand off public opinion. Besides braving the dangers of indigestion the poor girl was made miserable by the weighty charge of so much precious virtue, and soon grew weary of the monotony of the thing. She languished for a male companion herself, thinking she could take charge of her own virtue and the Lily's, too, at the same time. Accordingly a young man was lured by her bright eyes from Toronto, and like Freddie he trailed after the Langtry caravan around the country.

The Lily laughed at her sister-in-law's vanity in supposing that anyone could be fool enough to have designs on her when there was a Jersey Lily right at hand with her virtue ready to be preyed on. But the sister-in-law kept on firing all the same, and the other day eloped with the young man from Toronto, leaving the Lily's virtue undefended—poor thing! And the Lily herself! Whew! What a rage she was in! How she did storm and rave, and how she refused to give up Miss Langtry's trunks as matters of newspaper record.

It was, indeed, a terrible blow to this Langtry angel of innocence to find that there was a man alive who would prefer her sister-in-law to herself. But we are not all chumps—that is to say, Freddie Gebhardt—fit this country, Mrs. L. Most of us are much worse, for we doubt if you could find another man but Freddie, who could pass so much time in your company and resist the old Adam in him that would counsel him to go too far with you. Yes, yes—Freddie's a remarkable man. As a specimen of male virtue we don't think his match can be found anywhere in this land. We assume this virtue on his part on the unimpeachable assertions of the Lily herself, that her relations with him are of the very purest character. If these averments are true what a remarkable man he must be, indeed! We pause, paralyzed, in contemplation of the spectacle of a rich young man spending fortitudes in following a stage beauty around the country, and taking it out in distant smiles and nods without realizing even a good square kiss out of his investment. Oh! such virtue and innocence are truly lovely.

A WILD WOMAN.

Frightful Encounter in Idaho with a Creature Half Human, Half Beast.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some months past there has been a rumor prevailing in Idaho, and made much of by the local press, of the existence of a wild man who prowled the Camas prairie and gave the oldest inhabitants who chanced to meet him, a severe scare. At first this story brought much ridicule on its narrators, who were accused of cowardice, and were made a butt on all sides for the funny men to try their wit on. Later developments, however, have made it positive that the much-abused story-tellers were right. There was only one error in the whole recital, and that one of sex. It was a wild woman instead of a wild man they had seen. This revelation added greatly to the wonder, and several parties started out to hunt the nondescript, but with no success up to March 25. On that date, according to the veracious historian of an Idaho paper, while a party of travelers were camped in the foot hills on the edge of the Camas prairie one of them named McElhenny went a few hundred yards from camp to kill some ducks, taking with him a shot gun loaded with large shot. When only a couple of hundred yards from camp the "Wild Woman of Camas" jumped up from her hiding place, and after running a short distance, stopped and looked at McElhenny through her large, clear blue eyes for a moment; then, with a shriek that struck terror to the hunter and caused him to shudder as the echo resounded through the forest, the creature, with the ferocity of a savage beast of the jungle, made for McElhenny so fiercely that in order to insure his own safety, he emptied both barrels of his gun into her, when she fell, apparently dead. McElhenny went to the wild woman, when the strange being began to revive and he put his foot on the woman's neck and called to his comrades to bring an axe, which they did with all possible haste. The creature escaped just as they arrived, and with a pitiful moan, regained her feet and started to run. The axe was thrown at her, and as she turned her head to look back it struck her in the centre of the forehead and she dropped lifeless to the ground.

On examination she was found to be rather tall, with full, clear eyes and an extraordinarily large head; appeared to be about forty-five years of age, although not a gray hair could be seen. Her hair grew long and matted below the waist. The body was also covered with a thick growth of hair about two inches in length. This was also black and very fine. The finger and toe nails were two inches long and resembled claws more than nails. She was wrapped in a long robe made of rabbit skins, which, although the tailoring on it was not a subject of admiration, was well suited for the most bitter cold weather. The skins are sewed together by sinews. On examination of the place from which she made her appearance it was found that she had a very comfortable bed, which was made of soft bark of sage brush. It was under an overhanging rock and well protected from the wind. Near the bed were two rabbits, which had most likely been killed by stones.

This so-called "Wild Man of Camas" has been a terror to travelers and prospectors since 1873, and much relief will be felt when it becomes generally known that the creature is dead.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

[With Portrait.]

On the evening of February 30th, Sumpter Bethea, a young man belonging to a prominent family of Tanadys, Ala., entered the city hall of that place, where a temperance lecture was in progress and asked Mr. John M. Vandiver to step out as he wished to speak with him. The two then passed out and down to the pavement where they met Wm. Bethea, Sumpter's brother. Mr. Sumpter Bethea then demanded of Mr. Vandiver that he should retract some remark which had previously been made, and upon his refusal to do so struck Vandiver, who returned the blow but in a moment after received two fearful knife wounds in the left side one of which penetrated the left lung. Medical aid was summoned at once and Mr. Vandiver conveyed into his drug store but he died soon after.

Col. J. E. Miles, who happened to be near by when the difficulty occurred, arrested Sumpter Bethea, and afterwards Wm. Bethea was arrested and both placed in custody of Sheriff Edwards. The bloody affair created much excitement in Tanadys and the citizens were, with difficulty, refrained from lynching the murderer.

BASE BALL.

THE POLICE GAZETTE PRIZES.

The most costly emblems that have ever been competed for in baseball circles, are the four trophies set up by Mr. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to be contended for by the National League and American base ball associations. The aggregate cost of the four prizes is \$2,500. The two leading emblems are to be set up for competition by the respective associations. The finest and most costly will of course be contended for by the League, as they are the older of the associations and the stronger and most powerful. The American association, while of not quite so much importance as its senior body, the League, is by no means to be ignored, as the clubs of the association have all splendid financial standing and are located in some of the leading cities of America. The two prizes set up as association trophies are to become the property of the clubs winning the respective championships of the two great professional base ball associations of the world. The other two prizes, which will also be very costly, are to be awarded to the players having the best batting average. This will have a tendency to put new life into the players and spur them up to putting forth their utmost efforts. In summing up a batting record all hands have the same chance.

THE LEAGUE.

There has been a slight change in the League since the campaign of 1882, in the form of two new competitors for the pennant. In fact, there have been changes of this sort nearly every season since the League was organized in the early spring of 1876. There were business men at the helm and the association has steadily advanced in the science of ball playing ever since, never losing its identity as the leading base ball organization of the world. They have brought the art of ball playing to a greater state of perfection than was ever before known, and their legislation has at all times shown wisdom and careful study of the best interests of the game. At times fault was found with the ruling of this body, but a close inspection resulted in the unanimous opinion that the gentlemen composing the League were doing exactly what was right and absolutely necessary for the protection of the game. It is the League whom the admirers of the manly and invigorating game of base ball have to thank for elevating the game from the rut into which it was rapidly sinking. There have been many changes in the League since its organization, but the changes, it can proudly be said, have been for the better.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

This body of professional clubs has been in existence for a little over a year, and are now making extensive preparations to enter upon their second season's campaign. It is, in reality, a revival of the old International base ball association, which was organized at Pittsburg in February, 1877, and flourished for about two years and then sank into a decline through mismanagement, and finally became extinct in the summer of 1880. Some few of the clubs and a number of the gentlemen connected with the present American association were prominent members of the old International association. The American association last year had a highly successful season. There were only six clubs in the association, but all of those made considerable money, while some, in fact, amassed thousands of dollars. This season two new clubs have been admitted to membership, in addition to a new club from Baltimore being admitted in place of the old Baltimore club, which resigned. The association is certainly greatly strengthened by the admission of the Metropolitan club of New York. Nearly all of the clubs of this association have strengthened their teams since last summer, and the coming season gives promise of being highly interesting.

INTEREST IN THE GAME.

Base ball has reached such a stage of perfection that it is at present second to no other sport on the face of the globe in point of interest. There are many sports which draw largely and stand high in the admiration of the people, but these are sports which cannot be indulged in many times during a season, a repetition of which loses all interest in the amusement, while base ball is a sport that can be indulged in every day in the week and will draw, on an average, larger crowds than any other sport known. There is always an interest taken in base ball, no matter whether the game is well or indifferently played. The interest manifested in the game by the public in general can not be better illustrated than by the display at Prospect park, Brooklyn, during the Saturday afternoons in the summer season, when from five to ten thousand spectators are assembled to see the clubs of the Long Island association struggling for supremacy of that organization. There is an average attendance of two thousand spectators a day at the Polo Grounds, and the other grounds draw accordingly in proportion to their population.

THE AMATEURS.

The amateurs of this country are a class of ball players which are by no means to be ignored. Even the amateurs in this vicinity are of so much importance as to demand public attention, as is evinced in the games at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, where often from five to ten thousand people assemble on Saturday afternoons to witness the games for the park championship. There are some half dozen amateur organizations in the immediate vicinity of New York city, each containing from six to eight clubs and each organization on a solid and substantial basis. There are also some half dozen amateur associations in the vicinity of Philadelphia, each containing from six to eight clubs. Nearly every city throughout the union can boast of at least one amateur association, containing from a half dozen to a dozen clubs, while many of the large cities can boast of two or three such associations. The amateur arena is by no means the least important. As an exhilarating out-door amusement, there is no sport known to compare with base ball and there is not a class of people on the face of the globe who seem to take such whole-souled interest in out-door amusement as does the amateur base ball players in a game of base ball.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.

The representative club in the National League from New York city, is composed of some of the very best players in the league, as individual men, but how they will play together as a team remains to be seen. It is the first representation that New York has ever had in the league and the public is extremely anxious to see them stand well up in the race. No one is so sanguine as to expect to see them win the championship, but every person does expect to see them making a hard fight for second place, and certainly hold their own at third place. The eyes of the entire country will be on the new club during the first month of

the championship season, as a pretty fair estimate will then be formed of about what the club will amount to in the great race for the championship honors.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

The opening game of the season in New York city was played on the Polo Ground, Monday, April 2, between the Metropolitans, who will represent this season in the American Association, and the players of Manhattan College. The Metropolitans seemed to have all that they could do to avoid defeat. In fact, they only escaped by the close score of 8 to 6. It was one of those peculiar games which often occur during the course of a season, where the stronger club seems to have an off day and the weaker one plays in the most brilliant style. There were about a thousand spectators in attendance, who, as might be expected, set up a howl that the Metropolitans were a weak team, and predictions of the most reckless nature were made. The Metropolitans, however, showed their strength on the following day when they fairly annihilated the Rose Hills, of St. John's College, Fordham, defeating them by a score of 13 to 0. Lynch and Reipschlag pitched and caught in the first game and Keefe and Holbert in the second. The general impression is that the team is stronger with Keefe and Holbert at the helm than it is with Lynch and Reipschlag.

THE AMERICAN VINDICATOR.

Something of Interest About Police Inspector Thomas Byrnes, the New York Criminals' Terror.

[With Portrait.]

We give this week an excellent portrait of Police Inspector Thomas Byrnes, the able chief of the New York detective police. Like many other smart men, he has worked himself up from the ranks, a circumstance which, of course, only adds to his merit. Prior to being promoted to the rank of Inspector, April 23, 1880, he was for many years captain of the 15th precinct, and then already distinguished himself by a clever piece of detective work. His principal achievements at that time were the capture of the Manhattan bank robbers, Johnny Hope, John Nugent, John Dobbs and Billy Kelly, three of whom are now in state prison; David Pender and William Flynn, the highwaymen, and Job Hartley and James Corey, the notorious burglars.

The Inspector's principal arrests after April 1880, were the following: September 2, 1880, Wm. Christie and John Stanford, charged with burglary at house of W. H. Aibry, White Plains N. Y.; November 15, 1880, John Jordan and George Carson (bank sneaks), charged with stealing \$64,000 worth of bonds from the Middletown bank, Connecticut, June, 1880; November 30, 1880, Lord Courtney, alias Lord Berrisford, alias Pelham Clinton, charged with forgery; January 1, 1881, Geo. Englas and Chas. Becker, noted forgers; January 2, 1881, Jos. W. Inling, embezzler of \$8,000 from the Pocomasset National bank of Fall River; March 17, 1881, 9 men and 1 woman at No. 135 Leonard st., charged with committing burglaries at different residences at Flushing, L. I.; Paterson, Englewood, Orange, Newark, N. J. The men were convicted, their terms of imprisonment aggregating ninety years; April 8, 1881, John Riley and Frank Jones, for a burglary on the house of Mr. Wadsworth, 121 E. 35th street, and recovery of property stolen; September 14, 1881, Phil White, "King of the Confidence Men"; October 3, 1881, arrest and conviction of ex-Governor Franklin J. Moses; November 13, 1881, arrest of blackmailer of Jay Gould, Col. J. Howard Welles; December 1, 1881, arrest of the bogus brokers firm of Hyams & Co.; December 3, 1881, arrest of the noted confidence woman, Mrs. Ellen Peck; January 14, 1882, Walter S. Chase, bigamist; January 16, 1882, Marcus Raymond and Theodore Hart, the men who stole Dodd's express wagon, with nine \$100,000 on the night of December 23, 1881; February 1, 1882, Michael McGloin, who murdered Louis Hanier, December 30, 1881, in his store, No. 14 West 24th street, and his accomplices, Morrissey and Moran; April 14, 1882, arrest of Maurice A. Schwab and Robert J. Rumrills, the bogus theatrical managers; April 16, 1882, Manuel Cortez, swindler; April 23, 1882, Henry Leabogus custom house collector; May 21, 1882, John Woods, who stole \$53,000 in bonds, checks and cash from a bank messenger; June 23, 1882, Ed J. Courtney, the forger; November 4, 1882, Jennie Clark, alias Jennie Righey, who stole property aggregating to \$12,000; January 16, 1883, Billy Barlow, who snatched a pocket book from Miss Isherwood in the Fourth avenue tunnel; March 7, 1883, John Carmody and David Kidney, for assaulting and robbing Adolph Goldsmith, of 59 Greenwich street, of \$1,500 cash; March 21, 1883, Robert S. Ballard, swindler and bigamist. It must be added that Inspector Byrnes has so thoroughly reorganized the detective force of this city, that it may be favorably compared with that of almost any other city in the world.

WANTS BALSAM FOR HIS WOUNDED FEELINGS.

[With Portrait.]

New York city and Staten Island have been jointly enjoying a little sensation in which Bernard Harriet Auguste Adolph Barwich, a Prussian, and Miss Richard McLean, of Stapleton, S. I., are the principal actors. The former began a suit at the end of March against the latter for \$10,000 damages as balsam for his wounded feelings in being rejected by that lady after an engagement of marriage had been contracted between the two. The court sent the case before lawyer John Croak, as referee, and for several days the differences of the former lovers were ventilated to the edification of all newspaper readers. The love letters put in evidence by Oscar Hochsader, counsel for the plaintiff, were the gushiest of the gushy. The case was still on when the POLICE GAZETTE went to press.

A CYPRIAN VICTIM.

Mattie Johnson is a noted cyprian of Fort Worth, Texas, who possesses a fatal fascination for her lovers. She is the woman on whose account John Morris, the well-known gambler, was killed a year ago by Wm. Rainer, son of the solicitor of the United States treasury. Her latest victim is another gambler named Gibbs, who was formerly connected with Cooper & Bros. cificus. Gibbs suffered an agonizing death at his own hands, because Mattie refused to marry him after all the preparations had been made. He swallowed laudanum and arsenic mixed with sulphur of zinc.

In the case of Verona Baldwin, on trial for shooting "Lucky" Baldwin, at San Francisco, the jury on April 5th returned a verdict of not guilty.

THE PRIZE RING.

The Talk About Mitchell and His Antagonists.

A General Boom in Pugilistic Circles and a Series of Highly Genteel Slogging Matches.

The Richard K. Fox, Mace and Slade, POLICE GAZETTE Athletic Combination made a great sensation in Cincinnati, and appeared to two packed houses, making \$1,300 over expenses. Slade made a great impression. During both performances Chas. R. Hazleton exhibited a \$2,500 check sent on by Richard K. Fox and announced that Slade was ready to arrange a match to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 a side and the championship of the world. It had been rumored that Sullivan's backer's representative was to have been on hand to cover the \$2,500 and arrange a match, but he failed to appear. Slade made a great impression among the fairer, and many of the sporting men pronounced Slade to have the science and ability to make a successful battle with Sullivan.

Jen. Mace says if Sullivan's backers were eager to arrange a match to fight for the championship and \$5,000 that they would have covered Richard K. Fox's \$2,500 they have offered to put up at Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo and Cincinnati. Mace says he never knew a pugilist claiming to be the champion refusing to accept a challenge backed up by \$500, and especially when the challenger is only a novice. Mace further says: "Since Slade and myself have arrived from New Zealand we have tried by every means to make Sullivan arrange a match. He has had plenty of time, and Slade now claims the title of champion pugilist of America."

Troy, N. Y., appears to be a hot bed of pugilism and the sporting denizens of the city take great delight in witnessing pugilism, no matter whether the pugilists fight with the buckskin muffers or with nature's weapons unadorned. On March 31 there was a rattling well contested prize fight which attracted a large crowd of sports. The principals were George R. Elder, of Johnstown, Penn., and Eddy L. Painter, of Baltimore, Md., both members of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. It appears that these aspirants for fistic laurels had a dispute which ended in Elder dubbing his classmate a coward. Painter challenged Elder. The latter being the challenged party and being an expert boxer selected bare knuckles as the weapons he was prepared to use. Painter insisted on revolvers at twenty paces. Elder insisted on his right to select the weapons and Painter finally acceded to the former's terms. The rivals agreed to fight with bare knuckles according to the POLICE GAZETTE rules which are similar to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. It was agreed that each principal should be accompanied by fifty friends. A noted sporting saloon-keeper agreed to handle Painter while the only son of a prominent state officer agreed to act in that capacity for Elder. The pugilists fought in a room, and about two hundred sporting men and students witnessed the fight. The fight was a desperate one and lasted three rounds when Elder knocked Painter out of time. Elder was badly punished, but Painter received the lion's share, his left eye being closed, while his nose and mouth was badly bruised and battered. Painter made a plucky fight, but Elder's science and straight hitting gave him the victory. It is expected that both pugilists will be expelled from the institute, as it is intimated that district attorney Herriek will bring the affair before the grand jury.

Two club men, lusty young fellows of Harrisburg, Pa., settled their differences in prize ring style on March 25. A local journal thus describes the off-hand mill: The participants were Growser Mackin and William Wise. Some few weeks ago the two young men, who are fine specimens of muscular development, had a quarrel. It did not end satisfactorily and friends suggested that it be settled in the "ring." The men acquiesced. Wednesday evening, March 23, near the city, was the time and place agreed upon. Both at once went into training under men of known experience with the gloves. Wednesday evening found both the "bruisers" in fine condition. They met at a frequented spot in the Second ward, when Mackin chose as his second George Stucker and Wise selected John Weaver. Fred. Erb agreed to act as referee. Followed by those who had a knowledge of the affair the party set out for a suitable spot. The intention was to have it out on one of the islands, but the meadow below Paxton street, between the Reading railroad and turnpike, was selected. A ring was formed by those in charge, the men in the meantime stripping for the fray. Mackin soon appeared in the ring in white, with bright red stockings. He was greeted with applause. Wise was not slow to follow. His colors were drab. Both were the picture of health, and the betting (in the minds of those present) was about even in the result.

As the pugilists stepped to the scratch at the call of time the excitement was intense and an interesting battle was expected. Mackin threw up his fists first and placed himself on guard. Wise followed and reached out his left as a "feeler." It was parried by Mackin, who then shot out his right with terrific force. Wise was unable to stop the blow and it caught him above the "peepers." He staggered, and Mackin, following the blow up with another with his left, sent Wise to grass. He was at once attended by his second, but did not regain consciousness in time to come to the scratch at the call of time for the second round. The referee decided the fight in favor of Mackin and the timekeeper, Willard Ehler, gave the time of the round and contest at one minute and thirty seconds. Wise did not recover from his blow for some time afterwards.

In regard to the death of James Elliott, the pugilist, Pennington in the *Referee* says: "Fighting men who look upon the United States as the place whither they shall go if they are only good enough, and return laden with money, must have been pulled up suddenly by the news that one of the leading American-born representatives of their body had been shot dead during a barroom quarrel. According to all accounts the dead man was the aggressor, and also, according to all accounts, his decease is looked upon as an unmitigated blessing to the community. Jimmy Elliott was the style and title under which the late unlamented one traded and traveled. His fate is brougth the more directly home to us as he was the man to whom Tug Wilson, who went to America a short time back as the foremost representative of England's boxing prowess, forfeited a heavy amount in dollars. As a rule, when a prize-

fighter gets shot dead—that is as a rule, when the announcements of such an occurrence appear in the papers—it is found upon investigation that the deadened one bears about as much relation to real prize-fighters as the actresses who on this side are constantly charged with being drunk and disorderly do to the ladies connected with any of our respectable theatres. So now that we find a real prize-fighter undergoing the sentence of death invoked by himself we may mark it down as exceptional, even though firing upon sight is a recognized institution of our trans-Atlantic cousins. "Accounts differ as to whether Elliott or Dunn commenced operations, as directly the two pistolers faced one another the rest of the company threw themselves flat on the floor so as to be out of the line of fire. So they cannot bear witness with any exactitude. Sufficient is it for us to know that Elliott died on his way to the hospital, and that Dunn, notwithstanding he had received two bullet wounds, went off at once and gave himself up to the police, in whose care he at present lies, fully conscious that his services to the state will be well understood when he comes to stand his trial for manslaughter presently. That is, assuming he does have to stand his trial."

The arrival of Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, has helped greatly to increase the interest in prize ring matters, and Billy Madden, Mitchell's adviser, has set the talent thinking, and several of the middle weights of the fistic division have been picked into making declarations of their readiness to meet the young pugilist who has conquered all the middle and heavy weight pugilists in England, from Lands End to Berwick upon Tweed.

Mitchell, as soon as he arrived, expressed his willingness to box with John L. Sullivan, and agreed to give him one-third of the gate money. Sullivan refused to meet the English champion in the arena unless he (Sullivan) was allowed two-thirds of the receipts, and Madden refused to accede to the champion's proposition, so this settled the negotiations in that direction. Sporting men will allow that Sullivan is the drawing card in this country; but Mitchell is to England what Sullivan is to America and he should be entitled to at least one-half the receipts of any exhibition. Mitchell has come to this country a full-fledged champion, and all parties interested in sporting and prize ring matters are eager to see him meet Sullivan. Under these circumstances there should be an equal division of the gate money.

Since the young champion's arrival he has made a host of friends. To several of the middle weights who profess to be eager to fight him, Madden says that Mitchell is afraid of no pugilist in the world, and that Mike Donovan or any other fighter who intends business, must first put up \$500 with Harry Hill, then issue a challenge and the money will be covered, no matter who puts up a forfeit. Madden says Mitchell is champion of England and will not issue any official challenge, but will accept any deft, no matter who issues it. He says Mitchell will fight anybody who may challenge him. We have received numerous letters about the height, weight, build and fighting abilities of Mitchell, and in answer to one and all we state that Mitchell, the English champion pugilist, displays but little outward development of muscle, and to the uninitiated his appearance generally is very deceptive. Upon close examination, however, there appears a development about the shoulders and neck of most unusual character for a man of his size. His shoulder blades are remarkably large and the well trained knots of muscles they sustain, although masked by a general roundness of contour, fully account for the extraordinary power and knock of hard hitting he possesses.

His chest is well developed and his shoulders are broad enough for a man of 180 pounds avoirdupois. He is well put together and has splendid loins, while his thighs are of adamant toughness, every muscle well defined and equal to the most exacting duty it may be called on to perform.

Mitchell is said to be a very original fighter, and although his legs are small, he is very active. It is claimed that he would be able to fight at 145 pounds, but to our thinking he would be more certain to be in first class condition and fighting trim at 154 pounds. Mitchell is big enough to fight any man in the world. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in his fighting shoes, and after a regular routine of training he should be a dangerous customer for anyone to face in the ring. It must be remembered that when Tom Sayers fought Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, June 16, 1887, for £200 a side and the new champion belt of England, Sayers only weighed 155 pounds, while the Slasher was 6 feet one-half inch, four inches taller than Sayers, and weighed (178 pounds) twenty-four pounds heavier than Sayers, but the great size of the Slasher and his big advantage over Sayers in weight and height did not make him win, for Sayers, to use the vernacular, smothered the great Slasher, and in ten rounds beat him and won the championship of England.

Now, sporting men in England, old ring goers, claim that Mitchell is another Tom Sayers. If this is the case what is to prevent him climbing to the top of the pugilistic ladder in this country, as he has done in England. Should he decide to fight Sullivan, and there is nothing to stop him from doing so, for he is very ambitious and eager to mount to the top of the ladder, and win and wear the proud title of champion pugilist of the world. If Sullivan would agree to fight Mitchell there is not the least doubt but that he can bring on a match with the English champion if he is eager to do so. Sporting men claim that Mitchell is too small in stature and far too light to meet the champion, but that point can only be decided within the twenty-four hour ring. After the English champion has become acclimated there is every indication that he will declare himself ready to do battle with nature's weapons against any man in the world.

Mahoney, the president of the Commercial Club, of Boston, of which John L. Sullivan is a member, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE for us to notify Billy Madden that he will pit an unknown from the Hub, who is neither Sullivan or Goss, who will fight Charley Mitchell on the terms proposed by Billy Madden. We informed the English champion pugilist of the fact, and Madden says "Mitchell does not want to meet pugilists who have no reputation, but that he is ready to allow Mitchell to meet the best man in America. Mitchell would just as leave box Sullivan as any man living. Mitchell has beaten the best men in England, including Tug Wilson (three times) and Alf Greenfield. He is the acknowledged champion of England, and the sporting public will think Sullivan does not want to spar with him if he refuses to do so."

Jem Mace's Pot Boy, alias Siff 'Un, of Norwich, England, takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to Arthur Chambers, of the Champions' Rest, for kindness extended to him whilst in Philadelphia, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EAR OPENERS EVERY TIME!

For the latest, liveliest and most authentic sensations of the town, read FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out Sunday, April 15, price 5 cents, and for sale everywhere.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

J. M., Brownsville, Texas.—Tom Allen resides in St. Louis, Mo.

Bob, Balto, Md.—Of Peterson Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia.

M. S., Reading, Pa.—Tom Sayers was never defeated by Tom Paddock.

J. W., Lockport, N. Y.—The Waterloo Cup was first run in 1858 and was won by Neville.

BROOKLYN BOY, South Brooklyn.—Phil Clare defeated George Lees in April, 1882, and B wins.

T. G., Toledo, O.—1. No. 2 John Morrissey was born in 1831, and fought Sullivan in October, 1868.

T. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. No. 2 John Morrissey was born in 1831 and fought Sullivan in October, 1868.

W. J., Port Chester, N. Y.—1. A loses. Croton water was first supplied to New York City in 1842. 2. No.

J. H. S., Boston.—Australian (Jim) Kelly's fight with Jonathan Smith, in Australia, lasted six hours.

W. P., Baltimore.—Put on your spectacles and read again. Don't forget to notice the full stop before, in 1876.

J. W., Detroit, Mich.—We have a full set of "Boxiana," written by Pierce Egan, but we would not part with it.

J. S., Jackson, Miss.—1. John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, has a brother. 2. His christian name is Michael. 3. No.

J. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Tom Hyer weighed 182½ lbs. when he fought Yankee Sullivan; the latter weighed 155 lbs.

A READER, Frankford, Pa.—A small glove with about one-third the hair that is contained in an ordinary boxing glove.

W. S., Lyons, N. Y.—Slade will be matched to fight Sullivan at any time. The champion's backers are ready to arrange the match.

M. B., Black Rock, N. Y.—1. Tom O'Donnell, who fought Joe Winrow in New Orleans, was born in County Leitrim, Ireland. 2. No.

W. B., Baltimore Md.—At the time Heenan arrived from Benecia, California, Jim Hart, of St. Louis, did challenge him to fight and A loses.

D. W., Rome, N. Y.—1. Matt Rusk, the pugilist, did keep a sporting house in Philadelphia, in 1858. 2. It was No. 1,217 North Fourth street. 3. No.

S. W., Selma, Ala.—When Hyer fought Sullivan, his (Hyer's) height was 6 feet 2½ inches, weight 185 lbs. and age 30. The fight took place in Maryland.

S. H., Boston, Mass.—The first time a Cunard steamer arrived in this country, was on July 13, 1840. It was the Britannia and it arrived in Boston, Mass.

H. M., Rochester, N. Y.—The prize fight between George Mitchell and Tom Cribb was not for the English champion belt, and Tom Cribb was not champion at the time.

W. S., Florida.—1. The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic was the Savannah, in 1819. 2. John Fitch was the first man that applied steam to vessels in this country as a motive power.

T. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. The Sirius and Great Western were the first steamships that arrived in this country from England. 2. These vessels arrived off the Battery, at New York, June 7, 1838.

M. W. H., Boston, Mass.—1. Old Dutch Sam was born in London, England, April 4, 1775, and died July 3, 1816. 2. He best Caleb Baldwin, August 7, 1804; Tom Belcher, Feb. 8, 1806, and again August 21, 1807.

P. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. Hanlan holds that title. 2. Tom Sayers received the champion's belt on June 23d, 1887, for his victory over Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, on the 16th of the same month and year.

W. S., Augusta, Me.—1. The height of Trinity Church steeple, in New York city is said to be 283 feet. 2. It is higher than the Bunker Hill monument. B loses. 3. The height of Bunker Hill monument is 220 feet.

S. W., Columbus, Ohio.—Tom Sayers never forfeited to Tom Paddock. In 1854 a match was proposed between Sayers and Paddock, the latter putting up £200 to Sayers' £100, but the match was never arranged.

S. L., Buffalo, N. Y.—Tom Sayers' seconds, when he fought John C. Heenan at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1880, were Jemmy Welsh and Harry Brunton. Jem Mace was merely a spectator in Sayers' corner.

F. T. M., Cadillac, Mich.—Edward Hanlan has been beaten in regattas, but never in a match race for the championship. In the Seekonk regatta, at Providence, R. I., Wallace Ross beat Hanlan but never in a match race.

DRUMMER, Newark, Ohio.—No. 1. He had no such right. He has received an official communication from the counsel of the POLICE GAZETTE and has probably "weakened" by this time. Thanks for the information.

H. M., Lockport, N. Y.—Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, was champion of England in 1850 but lost the title in 1851. He claimed the championship again in 1853 and held it up to 1857, when he was defeated by Tom Sayers.

M. J. R., Buffalo, N. Y.—If you desire to run George Hazael or John Hughes you will have to influence some sporting man in your city to back you, for we cannot do so. 2. We do not believe you can beat either Hazael or Hughes.

J. W., San Jose, Cal.—1. Ben Caunt never fought a battle in the prize ring in this country. 2. Bob Caunt fought in this country and was defeated by Yankee Sullivan. B wins. 3. Ben Caunt was in America and gave sparring exhibitions.

D. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Heenan, after he was matched to fight John Morrissey in 1854, for the championship of America, did make his headquarters at Jim Hughes' Rock Cottage Hotel. 2. It was then located at 110th street, New York.

S. W., Trenton, N. J.—Deaf Burke, the noted pugilist, only fought twice in this country, viz.: at New Orleans, La., May 30, 1837, when he defeated O'Rourke

and a riot ensued, the Deaf 'Un being obliged to fly, and near New York, August 21, 1837, when he beat O'Connell.

MONTE, Denver, Colo.—Morrissey's battle with Yankee Sullivan did not increase or even establish his reputation as a clever scientific boxer, although it undoubtedly proved him to possess unflinching gameness and ability to receive punishment in an extraordinary degree.

W. G., Louisville, Ky.—1. Ten Broeck's Priores, an American horse, won the Casarewitch stakes in England, October, 1857. 2. Thirty-four horses started and Queen Bess, El Hakim and Progress ran a dead heat. The three ran off the dead heat, to use a racing phrase, and Priores won by one length and a half.

BEFFO, Leadville, Colo.—Aaron Jones was matched to fight Bill Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher, on June 4, 1858. On March 20, however, Jones lacerated one of his thumbs by falling from a horse and desired to postpone the day of fighting until July 4, 1858. Perry refused and Jones forfeited the \$30 (£70) posted.

H. W., Lexington, Ky.—It is a wonder that a sporting journal that is so ancient could not give you the information. Well, Sam Arnall won the first English Derby, on Diomed in 1730. Sam Arnall rode a Derby winner also in 1782, winning with Assassin. In 1787 he won with Sir Peter Teazle; in 1798 he won with Sir Harry.

M. H. McC., Akron, Ohio.—1. Jack King, of Cleveland, Ohio, deposited \$25 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE to fight George Fulljames, of Canada, on January 5, 1882. 2. The deposit remained at the POLICE GAZETTE office until Feb. 25, 1882, when it was withdrawn. 3. Fulljames agreed to fight King but they could not agree upon weight. 4. Fulljames at first challenged King and posted a forfeit.

H. W., Blue Earth, Minn.—In reply to your question was there ever a president of the United States who was not born in the United States, we reply, that although there were no United States at the time of George Washington's birth, yet when the colonies united, Virginia, the birthplace of Washington, formed one of the confederation, and, of course, all persons born therein, became natives of the United States.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Such a performance of running one mile in four minutes, at four starts, has been accomplished. 2. In August, 1858, Charles Westhall was matched to run one mile, at four separate starts in four minutes. He was allowed thirty minutes' rest between each quarter of a mile, and he performed the mile in three minutes and fifty two seconds. Several pedestrians have accomplished the feat.

M. BRADY, City.—The Superintendent of the Mint in Philadelphia, has statistics of the coinage that would aid you in determining the excess of the odd over the even numbered years or vice versa. We have heard that there is a percentage in favor of the odd, but have no data at hand to establish the assertion. Write to the mint, or if the subject is sufficiently important or interesting, make a visit and examine the records for yourself.

J. S., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Again we state Dan Donnelly never held the champion belt of England. 2. Donnelly, however, fought three battles, defeating his opponent in each. These were Tom Hall, for 100 guineas, at Kildare, September 14, 1874, Donnelly winning in 15 rounds. He defeated Cooper for 60 guineas, in 22 minutes, at Kildare, Ireland, Dec. 13, 1815, and he defeated Tom Oliver for 100 guineas, in 34 rounds, fought in 1 hour and 30 minutes, at Crawley, England, July 21, 1819.

M. H., Cincinnati, O.—Tom Cribb was the first pugilist on record to whom a champion belt was presented as a badge of office. 2. This belt was made of lion's skin and ornamented with large silver claws. It was with Cribb's presentation cup last in the possession of Tom Sayers. 3. After Cribb defeated Molleneux, the Black, Sept. 28, 1811, at Thistleton Gap, in 11 rounds, lasting 20 minutes, he never again entered the ring, although he held the championship for many years, no one having the hardihood to dispute his right to the title.

M. H., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Wm. Perry, better known as the Tipton Slasher, stood six feet and a half an inch in height, and in his best days weighed 182 lbs. 2. From the waist upwards, he at one time possessed one of the finest and most Herculean busts ever seen, but his legs being somewhat the shape of a letter K, considerably deteriorated from the beauty of his configuration, which had his understandings been straight would have been the perfection of manly strength. He was a game, resolute pugilist, but never possessed any very strong claims to scientific acquirements.

D. S., New Orleans, La., J. W., Providence, R. I., C. W., Olean, N. Y., and Barney, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. We have searched the file of *Life* and we find that on April 28, 1860, it distinctly says, "that the parents of Tom Sayers came from Dingle, in the County of Kerry, Ireland." 2. Now in spite of this statement we again state that Tom Sayers' father was born at Storrington, near Staying, Sussex, England, and there baptized in 1793. He lived at that place for many years until he married a Sussex woman. 3. The Anglo-Saxon origin of Sayers is beyond dispute, and you can again bet your money on what we said formerly of Sayers' father's birthplace.

A. M. ALEXANDER, Chicago, Ill.—1. A Yankee is a person born in the eastern states—Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island or Connecticut. 2. The term Yankee comes from the aborigines. The Indians in attempting to qualify the pale faces as English, pronounced the word Yengeese, whence the corruption into Yankees. The Tories and "lony" British officers applied it jocularly to the raw country boys down east and it has stuck to that section of the country. 3. It would be an American by birthright. 4. French, of African descent. You must not confuse race and nationality. Many races may be combined in one nation.

M. MULDOON, Troy, N. Y.—As we understand you, A being hit with a missile bets with B, that he (B) threw it. The latter appeals to C, who acknowledges that he (C) threw it. Then A declares the bet not decided because C failed to testify in the negative, or in other words that he failed to declare that B did not throw it, B in his bet having undertaken to prove the negative, or that he did not. Of course, C being a credible witness his testimony that he threw the identical missile under dispute settles the question in both its positive and negative aspects. C's acknowledgment that he threw it on the occasion, carries with it the assertion that B did not throw it. A loses, and his view of the case, if correctly stated to us as above, is a mere childish quibble.



THE ORIGINAL MRS. TABOR,
WHOSE NOSE WAS PUT OUT OF JOINT BY LIZZIE
McCOURT, OF OSHKOSH.

Senator Tabor's Two Wives.

We give this week the portraits of Senator Tabor, of Colorado, and of his present and former wife. The picture of wife No. 2, Miss Lizzie McCourt, the Oshkosh belle, was taken a few days before her marriage in Washington last month. It is an excellent likeness and offers some explanation for the change the worthy Senator decided to make in his matrimonial relationship. Miss Lizzie McCourt is a tall, finely-built woman, possessing a charm best expressed in the French word, *planteuse*. She has turned many a young man's head in her time and certainly has entirely captured the Senator, for otherwise he would never have abandoned so good and estimable a woman as his first wife appears to be.

Two Minstrel Kings.

We present herewith portraits of Billy Emerson, the Adonis of the minstrel stage, and Charley Reed, the monarch of Ethiopian fun-makers. The likenesses are striking ones, and can therefore speak for themselves. The originals are never afraid to, especially when a girl or a drink is concerned.

A Tough Meal.

It is a custom prevailing among the Potawatomi Indians, who are quartered on a reservation in Jackson county, about fifty miles west of Leavenworth, Kansas, that when one dies his property and widow shall go to his brother, if he has one. This custom is usually honored, but there has just occurred a case in which the widow objected. N. Wahk-Tate, who is not a dead Indian, but is nevertheless vouched for as a good Indian, happened to be the surviv-

ing brother, and, being without a wife or child, he urged his suit, but was refused. From that time he became a changed man and, following the evil examples of his white neighbors, took to strong drink, persisting therein until he became such a terror to his tribe that he was brought before the probate judge at Holton, adjudged insane and placed in the county jail until the authorities at the State Insane Asylum could be communicated with. While on the reservation N-Wahk-Tate did some curious things. Killing a cat, he placed it within the

She Sat on His Stomach.

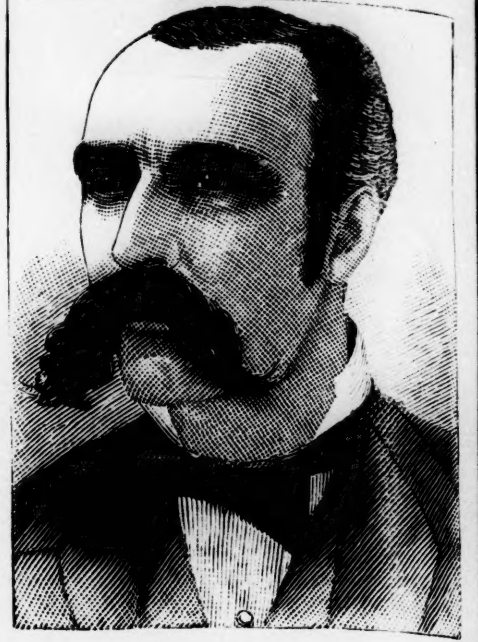
The sports of Alliance, Ohio, are endeavoring to arrange a public boxing match between a man and his wife whose troubles have figured in the courts of that town. Some weeks ago the man, who resides in the lower part of town, and his better-half agreed to disagree, but they failed to have the lawyer draw up the papers, in consequence of which fact the man still claimed to have a right to enter the house where dwells his wife and children, to which, however, his wife



MRS. TABOR (No. 2), NEE McCOURT,

THE OSHKOSH BEAUTY WHO CAPTURED SENATOR TABOR'S HEART, HAND AND BOODLE.

(Photo. by Bohm, Denver, Colo.)



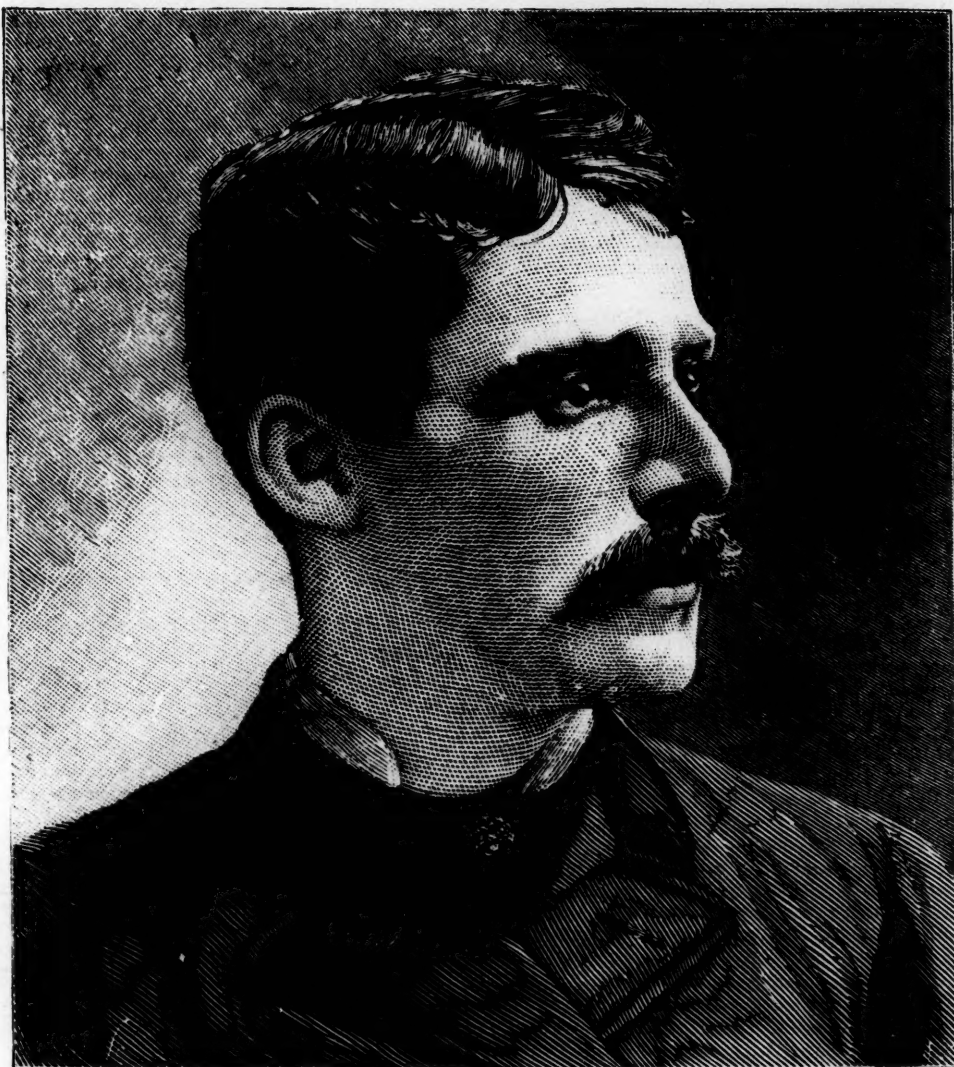
SENATOR TABOR,

THE WESTERN MILLIONAIRE, WHO HAS CAST OFF
THE OLD LOVE FOR A NEW MASH.

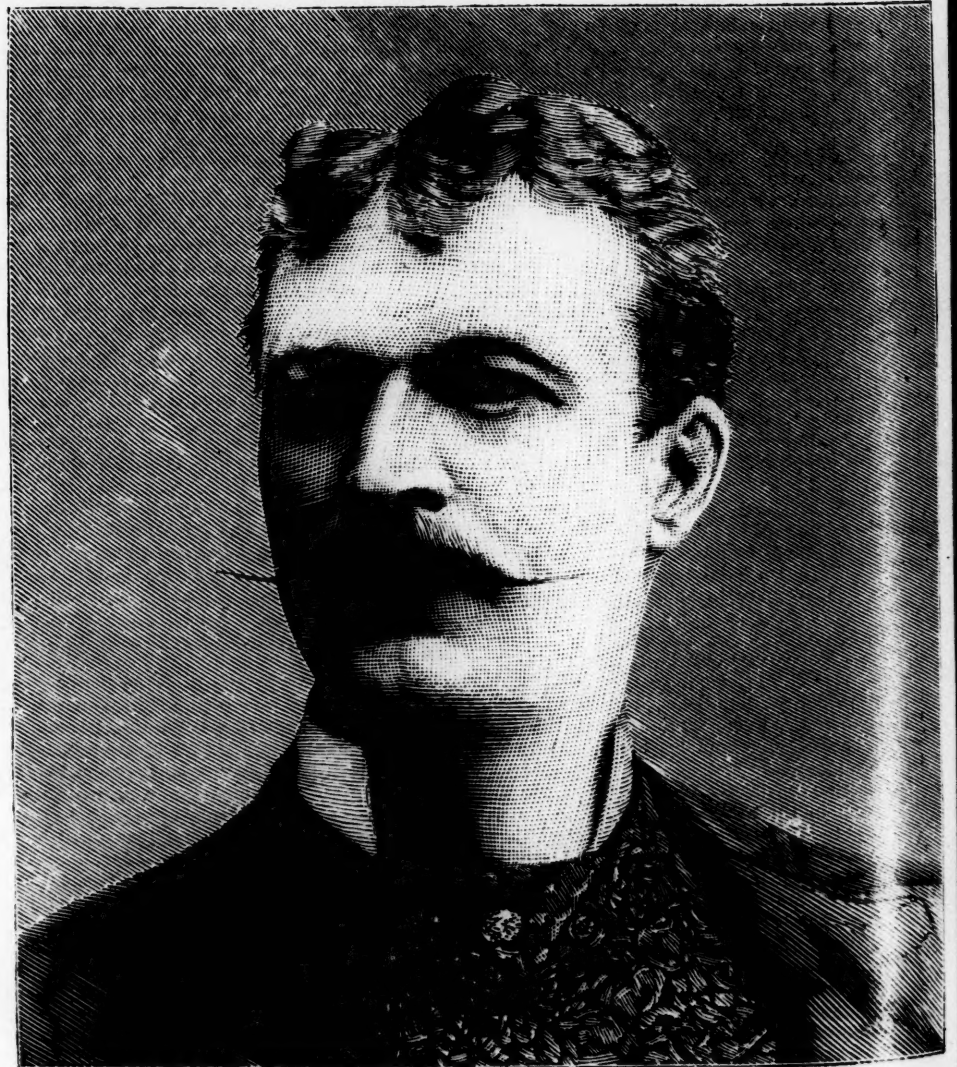
frequently beat and otherwise greatly wronged. He demanded admittance, but the wife sternly refused, which caused the repentant husband to become very much exasperated; in fact he became so greatly infused with rage that all the hitherto tender emotions of his heart took wings and flew away, and the door was forced open by physical strength. No sooner had he entered the house than he knocked down his wife and commenced beating her, but fortunately she seized a wooden shoe, which was lying on the floor, and vigorously commenced the work of retaliation and so well did she succeed that she emerged from the encounter first best, while her husband returned up Main street without a hat and the blood streaming down his face. She overhauled him, knocked him down, and pounded the fellow until he roared: "Save me! Save me!" When she got through beating him she sat down on his stomach to get her second wind. He was a badly used up man, but the public verdict is that he deserved what he got, as he has on many occasions turned his wife and family out of the house on stormy nights and would not let them in until the coming of morning.

Left Out in the Cold.

A tramp looked at the jail at Malvern, Iowa, on a cold day. Smoke was coming from the chimney, and as he shivered in his ragged clothes he longed for the comfortable warmth inside the building. As a means of getting in, he threw a brick through a church window. Bitter was his disappointment. The magistrate gave him fourteen days' labor on the streets. He has now soured on throwing stones and will try clubbing a magistrate next.



CHARLEY REED.



BILLY EMERSON.

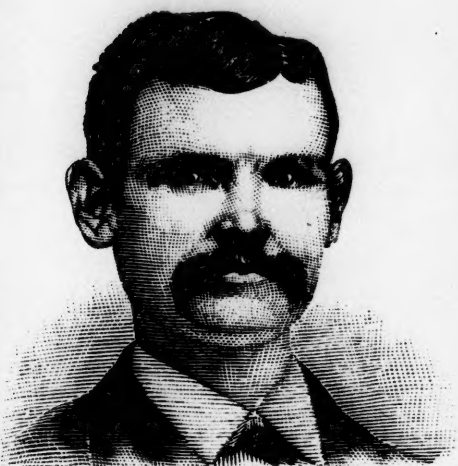
POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

(Photo. by Jones, Robinson & Co., San Francisco.)



REBECCA McLEAN,

THE STAPLETON, S. I., BELLE WHO IS SUED FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.



E. T. LEIGH,

WHO MURDERED FARMER RIGGLY AT TAYLORVILLE, ILL., DURING A PETTY QUARREL.



FIGHT WITH A WILD WOMAN.

FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER, IN IDAHO, WITH A NONDESCRIPT CREATURE, HALF HUMAN AND HALF BEAST.

A Cold-Blooded Murderer.
Towards the latter part of last year E. T. Leigh murdered, in the most brutal manner, James Riggly at Taylorville, Ill. James Riggly owned forty acres of land which was surrounded by that owned by Leigh. The latter wished to purchase Riggly's property but Riggly would

not sell. Thereupon Leigh closed in on him in a way that there was no outlet. This gave rise to much bad blood between the two. Late in the afternoon of October 24 E. T. Leigh's son,

John, went to Riggly's place, where he found him and his wife in a field cutting corn. Without saying a word Leigh approached his victim and shot him through the body, killing him.

The murderer fled and succeeded in eluding the officers sent after him. The excitement ran very high; bands of armed men scoured the country in every direction. The county offered a reward of \$1,000 and the State \$200 more for the capture of the criminal, but all to no purpose. On March 21, however, Leigh came to town and gave himself up. He was lodged in jail.



AUGUST BARWICH,

THE REJECTED ROMEO WHO WANTS \$10,000 DAMAGES FROM HIS EX-FIANCÉE.



SUMPTER BETHEA,

WHO MURDERED JOHN M. VANDIVER IN COLD BLOOD AT TANADIA, ALA.



THE RED MAN'S REVENGE.

TRAGIC SCENE IN THE PURSUIT OF RAIDING INDIANS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NEW MEXICO.

SPORTING NEWS.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

Out April 15, price 5 cents, will contain the freshest, snap-piest and best sporting department of any Sunday newspaper in the world.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St. New York.

THE naval board of the Schuylkill navy have decided to hold their regatta on June 23.

GEORGE ROOKE has retired from the saloon business and is now acting as teacher of the manly art to a club of wealthy gentlemen.

SULLIVAN says that, as Thomas F. Drohan failed to appear at his benefit recently, after calling loudly on Patsy Sheppard to meet him there, he considers Sheppard as altogether the better man of the two.

THE race for the Liverpool Grand National Handicap Steeplechase, of 1,000 guineas, took place on March 30th, and was won by Count C. Kinsky's six year old Lacedone, Black Prince second, and Mohican third.

ON March 30 there was a great cocking main at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., between New Haven and Meriden. Thirteen battles were fought for \$25 each and \$200 on the odd fight. The Meriden birds won by a score of 8 to 5.

GILMORE, the young Canadian pugilist, disputes George Fullam's right to claim the title of light weight champion pugilist of Canada, and is ready to arrange a match to meet Fullam with or without gloves, man and money ready at Arthur Chambers' Champions' Rest, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.

A BASE ball club has been organized in Washington and they have taken the name of the Manhattan Base Ball Club. The following are the players: W. H. Hatton, pitcher; J. S. Tusby, pitcher; W. Jackson, first base; S. Alexander, second base; B. Holmes, third base; B. Boyd, right field; A. Tomas, catcher; G. R. Williams, catcher; J. Talbot, short stop; S. Anderson, left field; W. Braxton, centre field.

HARRY MORGAN, of Leadville, Colo., desires to return his sincere thanks to the following gentlemen for kindly assisting him at his benefit: Ed. Foster, manager of the "Zoo" Theatre, Ed. Howe, stage manager, and the remainder of the company, John Cuddihoe, John M. Murphy, Steve Burke, Bryan Campbell, Billy Jones, Morris Tracy, Paul Toomey and Homer Richards.

POP WHITTAKER, the well-known master of ceremonies, will be tendered a grand complimentary benefit at Harry Hill's Theatre, No. 26 East Houston street, on Thursday afternoon, April 12, 1883, when all the leading professional boxers have kindly volunteered their services on the occasion. Mr. Whittaker is a general favorite among sporting men and he is deserving of a bumper house.

THE following sporting men called at the POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: Joe Curnburn, Jim Patterson, Bob Smith, Duncan C. Ross, J. Love, Harry N. Herber, Frank Stevenson, John Hughes, Jim Mac's Pot Boy, alias "Stiff Un"; George Rooke, Funny Cooke, Edward S. Stokes, Hoffman House; Billy Edwards, Frank E. Lane, Tom Sweeney, New Haven; Prof. Wm. McCellan.

LETTERS are relying at this office for the following: Frank E. Butler, Harry Monroe, swimmer, Prof. P. McDermott, Butler & Oakley, Mike Donovan, Horace Wheatley, Wm. McLafferty, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon, E. M. Hackett, Frank Rose, Henry W. Taylor, E. O. Ball, J. M. Barker, O. Lewis, Geo. W. Wingate, Dick Tilden, R. J. Dickie, Prof. Ladin, Chas. W. Relschlagler, James Carlin, Fred Krohne.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, of the Champions' Rest, No. 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., has matched his blue and white bitch, Let-It-Come, against James Sykes' white dog Shotover, to run 200 yards at Pastime Park, on Saturday, April 21, 1883, for \$50 a side, Shotover to receive 25% yards' start. Dogs to be on the mark between the hours of 4 and 5 p. m. Joe Acton, final stakeholder and referee, Doc Hoye, pistol firer.

THE new schooner recently built in Essex, Mass., for Andrew Leighton, of Gloucester, Mass., has been named after Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE. Mr. Fox has given a splendid set of colors to the schooner. She is a handsome craft, and will be engaged in the mackerel fisheries under command of Captain Charles Harty.—Boston Globe, April 6.

THE great turf event which is exciting the sporting world is the Kentucky Derby, to be run at Louisville. There are several noted flyers entered, and in fact there are so many good ones in the race that it is hard to decide what horse will win. Bondholder and Punter's legs are not strong. Ascender, if he has the stamina, should win, and we think the race lays between Ascender, Leonatus and Lord Raglin. We like them in the order named.

A COCKING main was fought between Irvington and Peekskill birds in a dilapidated building near Irvington on the 28th inst. The betting was \$200 to \$25 in favor of the Peekskill birds at the start. The main lasted from 12 o'clock midnight until 3 o'clock the following morning, and resulted in favor of the Irvington birds. Two of the Peekskill birds were killed. A return main between Peekskill and Irvington birds was arranged to be fought within fifteen days.

MITCHELL, the English pugilist, says that he did not come to America to fight Sullivan, but that he would like to have a set-to with the champion with gloves. He speaks of the disparity between himself and Sullivan in the regard of size and weight as a reason why they should not fight. He is not anxious, he says, to fight with any one at present, as he wishes to see the country, but if ever he does make a match he will not ask for six months' time for preparation.

THE McCann Brothers, Irish champion athletes, now known professionally as Hercules and Sampson, will shortly arrive in New York from England. They are open to compete in feats of strength against any two men in the world, or either of them singly against any man in the world, for \$250 a side or upward. A dozen feats to be selected by either party, with 56lb. weights, heavy dumb-bells, iron bars, etc.,

and he who accomplishes the most of each other's feats to win the stakes.

FRANK SHERIDAN, of Chelsea, Mass., writes to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE and desires him to publish the following challenge: I will match my dog "Rocket," 17 pounds weight, against any dog in the world same weight, for the sum of \$300 to \$500 a side. This challenge to remain open until the first day of May. To show that I mean business I have posted \$100 forfeit with James Keenan of the "Police Gazette Exchange," No. 95 Portland street, Boston, Mass., where any dog fancier who desires can arrange a match.

JOHN K. TREWETZ of Lancaster, Pa., the champion instrumentalist, writes to Richard K. Fox and desires him to publish the following in the POLICE GAZETTE: "I hereby challenge Charles H. Loag, banjoist, of Lancaster, Pa., to play me a match on the above named instrument for a silver medal, Mr. Loag to name rules. The match to be decided in Schiller Hall any time he may name. This challenge to remain open for ten days from date of its publication in the POLICE GAZETTE, and if not accepted in that time I will consider myself winner of the medal."

AN exciting main of cocks was fought at a well-known sporting house near Albany, last week, between birds owned by James Dugrey, of Mechanicville, and Mr. Foster, of Springfield. Eleven out of fifteen fell in for \$1,000 on the main and \$50 each battle. Dugrey winning eight of the eleven battles and a large amount of money. Foster showed the famous small neck strafe of cocks from Georgia, and Dugrey fought his celebrated reds and Dominicks. Dugrey has defeated every man he has ever fought, and thinks seriously of giving up active cocking and breeding them for sale.

BILL BARKER, of Ottawa, and Jim Whalen, of La Salle, Canada, fought according to the London prize ring rules, at Butcher's Hall, Ottawa, Canada, recently. There were no stakes. The pugilists fought over a damsel whom both were courting. Six rounds were fought when Ottawa's pet stable boy knocked the stuffing out of Whalen and sent him reeling over the bloody ropes. Whalen gasped, but a pint of old tamarack brought him around, but he could fight no longer as both his eyes were bunged up, and his nose resembled a tomato. Whalen is not satisfied and is eager to fight again.

THERE was a grand assault at arms in aid of the police library and reading room, in the Grand Opera House, Hamilton, Ontario, on March 27th, under the immediate patronage of the Leander Rowing Club, Nautilus Rowing Club, Hamilton Foot Ball Club and the Hamilton Cricket Club, consisting of feats on the horizontal bar, cavalry sword exercise, fencing, tug of war between teams of four of the Hamilton and Toronto police departments, feats of swordsmanship, sparring, etc. The POLICE GAZETTE, Macé and Slade Combination were present, and the entertainment was a great success.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, of the Champions' Rest, No. 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., will give \$50 in prizes for his next great all American 135 yards foot handicap and 200 yards dog handicap, which takes place at Pastime Park, on Whit Monday and Tuesday, May 14th and 15th, 1883. First prize, \$200; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$35; fourth prize, \$15. Entrance fee \$1, close May 1st. Acceptance \$1, close May 8th. Two hundred yards dog handicap, first prize, \$35; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Entrance \$1, close May 8th. W. Booth, pistol firer and handicapper. Arthur Chambers will act as referee.

HERE is a good opportunity for some noted boxer:

To Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 7, 1883.
SIR:—Why does not some enterprising exponent of the "manly art" emigrate to this city and establish a gymnasium, where club-swinging, sparring, etc., would be taught. Here we are, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants and no institution of such a character that amounts to anything, in the city. There are plenty of young men here who would patronize such an institution, provided it were conducted in a quiet peaceable, business-like manner. To the right man there is a "snap" here. I merely offer this as a suggestion.
F. N. STRATTON.

A SLASHING glove fight was decided at Long Eddy, N. Y., on March 31, between W. M. Jensen, 190 pounds weight, and S. L. Malloch, weighing 131 pounds. The first four rounds were all in favor of Malloch. In the fifth round Malloch led off at the stomach, and got in return a heavy right hander in the face, which knocked him clean off his pins. In the sixth round Jensen came up, encouraged by his success in the previous round, and led off right and left, but Malloch quickly dodged, and sent in two terrific blows on the body, which sent Jensen flying into his corner. When time was called for the next round he was unable to respond, and Malloch was declared the winner.

THE following challenge has been received for publication:

FALL RIVER, Mass.
SIR: I, Samuel Hart, will fly any pigeon in any of the following places a home and home match. That is to say, their bird to be liberated at S. Hunt's coop, Fall River, and S. Hunt's birds to be liberated at their coop. Whoever may accept the challenge and will fly any bird in any of the following places, that is to say New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Orange, Paterson, New Jersey, or Philadelphia, for the sum of \$250 a side, in seven weeks from date. Anyone desiring a match, by notifying E. S. Starr, No. 78 Cortlandt street, New York, or S. Hunt, No. 8 Twelfth street, Fall River, Mass., will insure a match.

THE POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Scranton, Pa., writes as follows: "The Scranton steel mills seem to be a great training school for pugilists. Several who have achieved considerable distinction in the ring are now employed at these works. Amongst the number is Flori Barnett, ex champion middle-weight of England, who a short time ago worsted James Clark, a man of pugilistic pretensions at the sparring match held in Callahan's Hall. Various tales are in circulation regarding Barnett's prowess in his younger days. A number of his friends are of the opinion that he still possesses good powers as a slugger and man of science. There are a few, however, who doubt his ability to best them, so the prospects are that Scranton will shortly have a genuine mill. Though the fact is known only to a few, I have it from good authority that articles of agreement were actually signed a few days ago for a fight between two of the most prominent middle-weights in this section."

JUST before the POLICE GAZETTE went to press we received the following challenge, which explains itself:

NEW YORK, March 30, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR—Donald Dinnie the Scotch athlete, who has been exhibited at various museums in this city as the champion curiosity, continues to issue challenges through a sheet which circulates among a few Scotchmen who deserve better treatment and more reliable information. The sheet referred to is not responsible, and to prove that Dinnie is afraid to meet me, I issue the following challenge: I will war \$50 that I can defeat Donald Dinnie in any of the following contests, viz: Wrestling, throwing weights, running or jumping. In support of this challenge I have this day deposited the sum of \$250 with Richard K. Fox, and if Mr. Dinnie or his backers (the sheet referred to), cannot raise the money, I will defeat him for fun at the grounds of any of the New York athletic clubs.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

ACCORDING to a special received from our correspondent at Pittsburg, Pa., a fatal prize fight occurred at Dubois, Pa., on April 2. The principals were Matt Linckey and Mike McLaughlin. Some time ago they signed articles to fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring for a purse. The proposed mill created quite a furore among the miners of Daubols, as the pugilists were engaged in the Rochester mines, and a large crowd went to see the mill. Linckey stood 5 feet 7 inches, weighed 136 lbs., and his father-in-law was Jim Hugh, the once noted pugilist. McLaughlin stands 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighed 140 pounds. About 300 persons assembled to witness the mill. Linckey was in the best condition and possessed the most science. The fight was a desperate one. Linckey gained first blood in the first round and McLaughlin first knockdown in the second. The third round, however, was spirited, and heavy odds were in favor of Linckey, but McLaughlin seemed to be better "scenced." The fourth round brought the claret from both, but with no advantage to either. In the fifth round the men came to the scratch with no little vim, and the punishment was about evenly divided. In the sixth round they clinched and wrestled, and in the fall Linckey struck his chin on the ground, throwing his head back so as to break his neck. He died instantly. McLaughlin at once gave himself up to the authorities and it is probable that he will be indicted for manslaughter. The fatal ending to the affair created quite a stir at Dubois, and the admirers of McLaughlin sympathize with him because he was provoked to fight by repeated challenges from Linckey.

THREE young men named Simpson, Myers and Ames, engaged in a slugging match at Willard's Hotel, Washington, on March 28th. The dispute arose over a game of pool. Myers offered to bet Simpson that Ames could best him at the game, and Simpson became enraged, and exclaiming, "I'll bet you ten dollars I can knock you out," struck Myers a heavy blow in the face, which completely upset him. Then he turned and struck Ames in the pit of the stomach, but the dentist countered handsomely on the back of his opponent's head. By this time everything was in an uproar. Two of Simpson's friends held Ames while a third struck him in the left eye, cutting the skin directly below the eye. After order had been restored, Myers went to Simpson and asked why he had been struck, and offered to shake hands in case the blow had been given under some misunderstanding, but Simpson refused. Thereupon Myers declared that he would shoot him at the first opportunity. Myers is disabled on account of a spinal complaint, and says he is not able physically to defend himself against assault. Meanwhile Dr. Ames, who was attending to his damaged eye with a raw oyster, walked up to a Mr. Darling, who is one of Simpson's friends, and inquired if he could tell who struck him. Darling answered "No," and Ames said publicly that he would thrash the man who did it, his best friend or his representative, but no one offered to say that he gave the blow. Simpson is one of the best known men in town and moves in good society. Dr. Ames comes from one of the first families of Baltimore. He is an athletic young fellow and one of the cleverest boxers in town, and is deeply chagrined at the fact that he was held by two men and pummelled by a third. Myers is employed in the Treasury Department, has all the traditions of southern chivalry, and knows a great deal about the code. He is a protege of Senator Joe Brown.

THE wrestling match for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, typical of the light-weight Greco Roman championship of America, was decided at Harry Hill's sporting theatre on April 5. The contestants were Frank E. Lane, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Harry N. Herber. The trophy was offered for competition by Richard K. Fox, and the conditions were best two in three falls. POLICE GAZETTE rules, Greco-Roman style. As both contestants had wrestled before for the trophy, considerable interest was manifested over the affair. Both athletes are well known in athletic circles and acknowledged to be experts at both catch-as-catch-can and Greco Roman wrestling. The men had trained for the affair and they came to the mark in capital fix. Frank Whittaker was umpire for Lane and Wm. Mehling, who styles himself "Young Bibby," was umpire for Herber; Harry Hill was referee. The first bout was an exciting one and after a desperate struggle Herber gained the first fall amid loud cheers. After a short rest the athletes closed and struggled hard. Lane finally got his favorite hold on Herber and in spite of the latter's efforts threw him and won the fall. As soon as Harry Hill awarded Lane the fall the cheering was tremendous. The final bout was very interesting. Herber forced matters and Lane tired. Herber picked him up bodily, held him in mid-air and in a twinkling threw him fair on his back. Harry Hill declared Herber the winner and there was loud cheering. Richard K. Fox's representative then presented the champion with the beautiful championship emblem. The match was a bona fide one and the crowd dispersed satisfied that wrestling, when "it is on the level," is worth witnessing.

A SLASHING prize fight was decided at Wilkes-barre, Pa., on April 1, between George Phoenix and Al Jackson, two colored pugilists. Some time ago they had a wrangle about a colored belle of "Gib-town," and the rivals agreed to fight according to the rules of the London prize ring with nature's weapons. After the match was arranged the pugilists went into training under the care of experienced trainers. Phoenix trained down to 145 pounds and Jackson reduced twenty pounds. The battle was fought in a well known sporting resort. A prominent sport was chosen referee. The ropes were put up and quite a crowd gathered. Betting on the start was in favor of Phoenix, who had the call at five to four. Phoenix was

the first to make his appearance. He was wrapped in a heavy ulster which, when removed, disclosed his swarthy form to good advantage. He shed his ulster into the ring and was followed a moment after by Jackson! who, when stripped, looked every inch a bold antagonist. Neither pugilist displayed any science, but they fought round after round manly punishing each other terribly. At first Jackson had the best of the fighting, but Phoenix pluckily faced the music, and at the end of the sixth round Phoenix was made the favorite. After seven rounds had been fought Jackson, who was badly punished, began to show signs of quitting. At this time there was a stir at the entrance. Somebody yelled "police!" and the barn was quickly emptied of all but the bleeding combatants. They stood still a minute and then followed, but when out in the street, they resumed the fight, going in pell mell, regular rough and tumble style. At this time officer Fred Meyer put in an appearance and nabbed the pugilists. He at once marched them off to the lock-up, the two men endeavoring to slug each other all the way down, and being prevented only by the officer's superior strength. On April 2 the pugilists appeared before the Mayor who sent them up the river to train.

THE colored pugilist, Harry Woodson, better known as the Black Diamond, comes to the front as the winner of another battle. On the morning of April 6, he met James McLaughlin at a well known resort on Long Island. The fight was with gloves, light ones, and was witnessed by many well known sporting men of this city and Brooklyn. Those who were present put in an appearance in response to printed invitations, and not a few were under the impression that they had been invited to a cock fight. During the night previous to the fight there was a contest between New York and Long Island cocks. Seven battles were fought, New York winning five. When the fourth main was fought, the Long Island men insisted that the judge be replaced by a new man and the demand was complied with. In the fifth battle the Long Island bird broke a leg and fell an easy victim, although fighting until death. The fight between Woodson and McLaughlin was the event of the night. Black Diamond was seconded by Gus Lambert and Charles Fletcher; McLaughlin was looked after by "Yorke" and an English pugilist who arrived in this country recently. Pete McCoy was named as referee. Shortly before daybreak time was called. Round 1. The Diamond first to lead and with his right caught McLaughlin heavily on the cheek, in return receiving a hot one on the bread basket. A short, sharp exchange of body blows, then the men clinched and wrestled for a fall, the Diamond throwing his man. Round 2. McLaughlin forced the fighting and landed on Woodson's head and face in quick succession, the Diamond closing in and reaching Mac's nose. The round was closed by the Diamond being thrown. The 3d and 4th rounds were repetitions of the second, with the exception that the Diamond threw McLaughlin twice. Round 5. McLaughlin rushed in with an air of determination, and with a swinging right-hander on the Diamond's cheek brought the colored pugilist to his knees. Round 6. The men went at each other hammer and tongs fashion all over the ring. The Diamond had a trifle the best of the slogging match, but both fell together. Round 7. The men responded to the call eagerly. Woodson feinted once or twice and then suddenly let go with his right which landed with crushing force on McLaughlin's mouth. The blood spurted from his nostrils and mouth, and Mac dropped as if he had been shot. Several minutes passed before he recovered consciousness, and Woodson was declared the winner. Time of fight, 17 minutes. Woodson is from Cincinnati. In Troy, he defeated Steve Williams, the colored champion of that city, in 62 rounds. He is but twenty three years old, is muscular, active, and possessed of great powers of endurance. The Diamond declares that he is ready to meet any colored man in the world.

THE great billiard tournament began at the Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., on the 26th of March. The conditions were, balk line carom game, 600 points up. The first game was between Vignaux and Daly. Vignaux won by 188 points; score 600 to 412. Vignaux's highest run, 167; Daly's, 45. The second game was played on the 27th between William Sexton and Alonzo Morris. Sexton won by 68 points; score 600 to 532. Sexton's highest run, 111; Morris', 89. On the same evening Jacob Schaefer and Thomas Wallace played. The great event of the evening was in the twenty-seventh inning, when Schaefer made 203. Schaefer won by 264 points; score 600 to 336. Schaefer's highest run, 205; Wallace's, 42. On the 28th, the game was between Daly and Morris. Daly won by 14 points; score 600 to 586. Daly's highest run, 60; Morris', 59. On the same evening Vignaux and Joseph Dion played. Vignaux won by 310 points; score 600 to 290. Vignaux's highest run, 79; Dion's, 45. On the 29th the game was between Joseph Dion and Thomas Wallace. Dion won by 51 points; score 600 to 549. Dion's highest run, 48; Wallace's, 37. On the same evening Schaefer and Morris played. Schaefer won by 248 points; score 600 to 352. Schaefer's highest run, 153; Morris', 76. On the 30th the game was between Maurice Daly and Thomas Wallace. Daly won by 180 points. Daly's highest run, 90; Wallace's, 134. On the same evening Sexton and Dion played. Sexton won by 97 points. Sexton's highest run, 166; Dion's, 71. On the 31st the game was between Vignaux and Wallace. Vignaux won by 380 points; score 600 to 220. Vignaux's highest run, 123; Wallace's, 38. The evening game was between Schaefer and Sexton. Schaefer won by 202 points; score 600 to 398. Schaefer's highest run, 132; Sexton's, 170. On April 2d the game was between Alonzo Morris and Thomas Wallace. Morris won by 244 points; score 600 to 356. The evening game was between Vignaux and Sexton. Vignaux won by 513 points; score 600 to 87. Vignaux's best run, 146; Sexton's, 20. On April 3d Morris and Dion played. Morris won by 359 points; score 600 to 241. The evening game was between Schaefer and Daly. Schaefer won by 359 points; score 600 to 241. Schaefer's best run, 159; Daly's, 61. On April 4th the game was between Sexton and Wallace. Sexton won by 193 points; score 600 to 407. The evening game was between Morris, of Chicago, and Vignaux, of Paris. Vignaux won by 403 points; score 600 to 197. Vignaux's highest run, 246; Morris', 80. On the 5th of April the game was between Schaefer and Dion. Schaefer won by 352 points; score 600 to 248. Schaefer's highest run, 186; Dion's, 58. On the same evening the game was between Daly and Sexton. Daly won by 253 points; score 600 to 347. Daly's highest run, 89; Sexton's, 73.

The "Prettiest Women in Paris" will make their first appearance in No. 1 of "Fox's Illustrated Week's Doings," out Sunday, April 15, price 5 cents.

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.—Cold, with rain. Exposure is sure to produce colds; and the best remedy is Hall's Balsam for the Lungs.

Cuticura Remedies.—The Great Skin Cures. The Cuticura treatment, for the cure of Skin, Scalp, and Blood diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great skin cures.

Salt Rheum.—Will McDonald, 2342 Dearborn street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for several years; not able to walk except on hands and knees; hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier) internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP (the great skin cures) externally.

Psoriasis.—H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, Ky., writes that he was cured of Psoriasis (blood purifier) internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP (the great skin cures) externally. The most wonderful case of Psoriasis he ever saw, and he is now perfectly cured. He writes: "I was afflicted with itching and scaly diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full."

Skin Disease.—F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., writes that he was cured of a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to cure him, and after all had failed he used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier) internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

Skin Humors.—Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores, suffered fearfully, and tried everything. Permanently cured by CUTICURA RESOLVENT (blood purifier) internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP (the great skin cures) externally. CUTICURA Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, \$1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA SALVING SOAP, 15c. FORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

Beauty.—For Rough, Chapped or Greasy Skin, Blackheads, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Infantile Humors, use CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and Toilet, Bath and Nursery Sanative.

\$7.00 for Only \$51.00—Freight Prepaid.—**BEATTY'S PATENT** (U.S. Pat. No. 51,000) regular price \$51.00. Without Stool, Book and Music. 24 Stops. 10 ft. tone. 2 Melodia, 8 ft. tone. 3 Clarabella, 8 ft. tone. 4 Manual Sub-Bass, 16 ft. tone. 5 Bourdon, 16 ft. tone. 6 Saxophone, 8 ft. tone. 7 Viol di Gamba, 8 ft. tone. 8 Diapason, 8 ft. tone. 9 Horn, 8 ft. tone. 10 Horn Extension, 8 ft. tone. 11 French Horn, 8 ft. tone. 12 Horn, 8 ft. tone. 13 Vox Humana, 14 ft. tone. 14 Echo, 8 ft. tone. 15 Dulciana, 8 ft. tone. 16 Clarinet, 8 ft. tone. 17 Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone. 18 Violina, 4 ft. tone. 19 Vox Jubilate, 8 ft. tone. 20 Piccolo, 4 ft. tone. 21 Coupler Harmonique. 22 Orchestral Forte. 23 Grand Organ Knee Stop. 24 Right Organ Knee Stop. This Organ is a triumph of the organ-builders' art. It is very beautiful in appearance, easily like a description. The Case is solid Walnut, profusely ornamented with hand-carving and expensive fancy veneers. The Music Pocket is of the most beautiful design extant. It is deserving of a place in the millionaire's parlor, and will ornament the boudoir of a princess. **FIVE NETS REEDS.** Five Octaves, handsome appearance. It will not take the dirt or dust. It contains the **Five Gold Tone Reed**, the famous French Horn Solo Combination, New Grand Organ Right and Left Knee Stops, to control the entire motion by the knee, if necessary. Five Gold Tone Reed, as follows: a set of powerful Sub Bass Reeds, 23 Octaves of Vox Celeste, one set of French Horn Reeds, and 2-12 Octaves each of regular Golden Tone Reeds. Besides all this, it is fitted up with an **Octave Coupler**, which doubles the power of the instrument. Lamp Stands, Pocket for Music, Beatty's Patent Stop Action, also Soundings, Bells, etc. It has a sliding Lid and conveniently arranged Handles for moving. The Bellows, which are of the upright pattern, are made from the best quality of rubber cloth are of great power, and are fitted up with steel springs and the best quality of metal traps. The Reeds, instead of being covered with carpet, are polished metal, neat design, never get out of repair or worn. **SPECIAL TEN-DAY OFFER.** If you will remit me \$51 and the enclosed Coupon within 10 days from the date hereof, I will send you this Organ, with Organ, Book, etc., exactly the same as I sell for \$51. You should order immediately, and in no case later than 10 days. One year's test trial given and a full guarantee for six years. Given under my hand and seal. **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, U.S.A.** **OFFER.** \$51. On receipt of this Coupon and \$51 in cash by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Check on your Bank, if forwarded within 10 days from date hereof, I hereby agree to accept this Coupon for \$51, as part payment on my celebrated 24 Stop Organ, with Book, etc., with Bench, etc., providing the cash balance \$51 accompanies this Coupon, and I will send you a receipted bill in full for \$51 and box and ship you the Organ just as it is advertised, fully warranted for six years. Money refunded with interest from date of remittance if not as represented after one year's use. (Signed) **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you [provided you order immediately, within the 10 days], I agree to prepay freight on the above organ to your nearest freight station, any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a rare opportunity to place an instrument as it were at your very door, all freight prepaid, at manufacturer's wholesale prices. **Order now, nothing saved by correspondence.** **HOW TO ORDER.** Enclosed find \$51.00 for Organ. I have read your statement in this advertisement and I order one on condition that it must prove exactly as represented in this advertisement, or I shall return it at the end of one year's use and demand the return of my money, with interest from the moment I forwarded it, at six percent, according to your offer. Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station, and on what Railroad. Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may pay by telegraph on last day and receipt by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced without delay, hence this special price, providing order is given immediately. **ORGAN WARRANTED SIX YEARS.** New Style No. 1215. Height, 72 ins.; depth, 24 ins.; length, 49 ins.; weight, about 400 lbs. Address or call upon the Manufacturer, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

THE "POLICE GAZETTE"

STEAM

Newspaper, Job and Book Printing House.

Having greatly increased our facilities, consisting of ten of the latest improved Hoe presses, and large assortment of the most modern styles of type from the prominent type foundries of the United States, we are prepared to execute all orders promptly, and in the highest style of the art at this office, at prices that defy competition. The Police Gazette job department is complete in all its details, and is capable of satisfying the tastes of the most fastidious in the printing line, with

Mammoth Posters, Cut Work, Sheet Bills, Dodgers, Programmes, Tickets, Coupon Tickets, Cards, Etc., Etc. Estimates and terms for all orders will be furnished immediately on application to

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, N. Y.

THE GREAT TOM SAYERS' SUPPLEMENT!

Special copies of this magnificent picture, printed in colors, for framing, will be mailed on receipt of 75 cents. No Saloon, Sporting Rendezvous or Restaurant should be without one.

Address
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

SPORTING RESORTS.

Important Notice to Advertisers.

The Police Gazette has now a guaranteed circulation of 200,000 copies each issue. This circulation embraces fully a million and a half of readers, about one thirty-fifth of the whole population of the United States, making it the best advertising medium in America. Our Advertising Rates, on and after April 1st, will be: Ordinary Advertisements \$1.50 net, Acate measurement, per line. Reading Notices \$2.50 per line.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

The Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, New York. Owey George, Director and Proprietor. The largest Sporting Picture Gallery in the World. Boxing, Wrestling and Singing every night. Joe Fowler, the Feather-Weight Champion of England, in scientific glove contests with Frank Wilton, alias the Mouse, at the Old House at Home, 105 Bowery, near Grand street, New York. Owey George, Proprietor. Admission free.

Thomas Kearns, The Turfite and horseman's popular caterer's famous Road-house and well fitted up Sporting Hotel, Fordham, New York, and corner of 132d street and Seventh avenue, New York. The best wines, liquors and cigars, Oriole whiskey and Purdy & Nicholas' Old Kentucky a specialty. Every accommodation for sporting men, and all the sporting papers on file.

The Old Reliable Retreat and the old est established in America. Wan, F. M. Coy and La Brie, importers of wines and cigars, and dealers in Kentucky Bourbon whiskey, 90 and 91 South street, opposite Fulton Ferry, N. Y. Established 1817. Retail and wholesale department. Private families supplied with the best brands and all liquors, wines and cigars guaranteed.

The Champion's Rest, 923 Ridge Ave., near Wood street, Philadelphia. Arthur Chambers, retired light-weight pugilist of the world, proprietor—is the leading sporting house in Philadelphia. All the famous pugilists appear every Saturday night, and guests provided with the best wines, liquors and cigars. Admission free.

The "Police Gazette" Sporting Shades. Prof. Wm. C. Clark, the well-known sporting man and boxer, has opened a first-class hotel and sporting house at 395 Fulton street, opposite the Court House, Brooklyn, and will be glad to have his friends call on him. He is also prepared to give lessons in sparring.

Police Gazette Exchange, Sporting Headquarters. No. 270 Water street, corner Dover, New York city, six doors below the Police Gazette Publishing House. Wines, liquors and cigars of the finest brands. **HARRY MARTIN, Proprietor.**

Champion's Rest, Academy Hall, Captain J. C. Daly, Proprietor, 235 Avenue A, between 18th and 19th streets, New York City. Best brands of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars. Boxing and wrestling every evening. An elegant hall attached for hops and benefits.

Clary & Long's Noted Sporting House. Gymnasium and sample room, 815 Vine street, Philadelphia. Call and see the great sporting picture gallery. All sporting papers on file. The best wines, liquors and cigars served by Mike Clary, the noted pugilist.

The Great Sporting Rendezvous, the Aquar- ium, corner of Third Avenue and Twentieth street, N. Y. The best wines, liquors and cigars. Sporting papers all on file, and every accommodation for sporting men. **JOHN J. MADSEN, Proprietor.**

Pastime Park, Philadelphia. Great sport- ing resort. Joe Acton & Hoyle, Proprietors. Best wines, liquors and cigars. Large running track, gymnasium, etc., for athletic events, open all the year round.

The leading Sporting House of the Pacific Coast is kept by Patsy Moran at 1 Morton Street, San Francisco. Sparring and singing night.

Harry Hill's Great Sporting Variety The- atre, 26 East Houston st., New York. Variety and boxing performance every evening. Sacred concert every Sunday night.

The Golden Our Sporting House, 2376 Third Avenue, New York City. Billiard Parlor and Shuffle Boards. **FILKINGTON & NAGLE, proprietors.**

John Shanley's New Sporting House, The Alhambra, 179 Fourth street, near Grand, Brooklyn, E. D.

Jem Coyne's Sporting House, "The Office," cor. Hamilton and Columbia sts., Newark, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Fortune for All.—If You will Cut This out and send to us with 50 cents in stamps to help to pay postage and packing expenses, we will mail you **Eighteen Articles** which will pay you immense profits and upon which you can realize from \$100 to \$200 per month, and not occupy all your time. **Do not miss this chance.** Address **H. C. WILKINSON & Co., 185 Fulton St., New York.**

Agents Wanted for the best selling book ever known, "Professional Thieves and the Detective" by Allan Pinkerton. A large, attractive book with 36 full-page thrilling illustrations. One agent has sold 7,000 copies. Many agents are making \$50 per week. We are now offering 1,000 more agents. Sold to agents only. Send 75 cts for Agents' Prospectus, or \$1.50 for the book. **G. W. CARLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.**

Matrimonial Globe.—The Spiciest Paper published. Each number contains over 100 advertisements of ladies and gents waiting correspondents. Sample copy, securely wrapped, 10c. silver. Address **THE GLOBE, 240 25th St., Chicago Ill.**

Horsemen.—Headquarters for all articles used by horsemen, viz., on the pictures, road, track and racing pictures, celebrated horses, 200 subjects; veterinary instruments and horse goods of every description. Price list of 50 articles mailed free. **J. H. TUTTLE, 78 Nassau street, N. Y.**

Safe and Speedy Way to Fortune.—A For- tune for only \$2. For information and circulars sent free, write to **R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.**

61,688 Greenbacks for \$1. Samples all kinds of and denominations, \$1 to \$1,000 notes, exact imitations by a photo-printing process for comparison in detecting counterfeiters. No honest man will use them as money. **BOZANZA COMPANY, Mohawk, N. Y.**

Policemen, Firemen, Letter Carriers, all the prominent pedestrians, prize fighters and sporting men are wearing shoes made by Beneke Bros., the Police Gazette's shoemakers, 201 Canal st., cor. Mulberry.

40 New and Beautiful Chromo Cards, name in new type, and an elegant forty-eight page, gilt bound, Floral Autograph Album, all for 15 cents. **Snow & Co. Meriden, Conn.**

900 Popular Songs, no Two Alike, for 15 cents. Catalogue of 1,000 Useful Articles FREE. Address **H. WEHMAN P O Box 1823, New York City.**

Poker!—If you want to win at cards, look for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address **H. O. BROWN, Salem, N. H.**

A Mexican Mystery Solved.—How Amer- ican poker players are victimized by native gamblers. Address **HARRELL & Co., Las Vegas, N. M.**

Two Pictures of Male and Female Beau- ties only 15c. 4 for 25c. With Mole Love Letter and Ca along. **H. W. FOX, Fultonville, N. Y.**

How to Win at Cards, Dice, &c. A Sure Thing. Sent free to any one. Address, **WILLIAM SUDMAN, 65 & 67 Nassau Street, New York City.**

5000 new Enamelled Gold & Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. CARD WORKS, West Haven, Ct.

2 Photos of Beautiful Ladies 10 cts., or 12 for 50cts. Catalogue free. **J. DIETZ, box 3, Reading, Pa.**

Divorces quietly, in a month; any state; all causes; advice free. **MORRO ADAMS, 181 E way, N. Y. City.**

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Victim of Kerosene.—A Prompt

application of Henry's Carbolic Salve relieved the pain, and her recovery is assured. Beware of counterfeiters.

4 Curious Love Letters. Mail 10c. in Sil- ver or stamps to H. M. Rich, box 547, Baltimore, Md.

372 a week, \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. **Taft & Co., Augusta, Me.**

The Bonheur des Dames; or the Shop Girls of Paris. Price, 75c. **T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila., Pa.**

366 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. **H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.**

25 to \$40 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address **STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.**

30 Stage Beauties for 15c. Newest Out. 8. JOEL, 615 North 6th street, Philadelphia.

Matrimonial Paper.—10c. a Copy by Mail. Address Family Mirror, box 67, Wellesley, Mass.

DON'T MISS IT!

THE ONLY

Illustrated Sunday Paper in America.

ON SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1883,

Fox's Illustrated WEEK'S DOINGS.

Will be published. The retail price of the

WEEK'S DOINGS

will be 5 cents,

and it is intended that it shall be in every way the brightest, snappiest and best sensational Illustrated, Dramatic and

Sporting Sunday Newspaper

ever given to the public. If it does not fill that bill it is not because money, enterprise and talent have been lacking in its formation.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS

will be the only

Pictorial Sunday Newspaper

published in America. It will employ a staff of the BEST ARTISTS in the country, and will illustrate the salient events of the week in the first style of the art. As a Pictorial Journal alone it will form one of the most attractive features of the newsstands. With the first number will be presented, free, a splendid supplement sheet calculated for framing, and a pictorial supplement will be published thereafter at monthly intervals. The Editorial charge of

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS

will be assumed by one of the leading Journalists of the country and will be supported by a competent staff. The Dramatic, Sporting, News and Editorial Departments will be fearless, independent and spicy, and the Literary features of the paper of the most novel and fascinating character. It will leave no point of popular interest untouched, and whatever it does touch it will do justice to. Possessing, as it will, the facilities of the most complete printing establishment and the most brilliant artistic and journalistic staff in the United States, it is bound to create a new era in journalism.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,

OUT ON

SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1883,

will be the sensation of the day. Order copies through your news company at once, as there will be an immense demand for the first number with free supplement. It will be issued every Sunday morning simultaneously in New York and all towns east of the Mississippi River.

RICHARD K. FOX, Prop.

Subscription Rates: 1 Year, \$2.50;

6 Months, \$1.25. Specimen Copies

furnished free on application.

"POLICE GAZETTE" LIBRARY,

(OF NEW YORK.)

RICHARD K. FOX,

Proprietor and Publisher.

Cor. Franklin Square and Dover Street.

Issued the 1st and 15th of every month.

Entered at New York Post Office as second class mat- ter subject to pound rates.

The only illustrated and sensational Library published.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One year \$2.50

Six months 1.25

Three months .75

Single copies sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents.

No. 1.—A Spangled World, or Life in a Circus.

No. 2.—The Outlaw Brothers. Life and Ad- ventures of Frank and Jesse James.

No. 3.—Paris by Gaslight, or Gay Life in the Gayest City in the World Exposed.

No. 4.—Cupid's Crimes, or the Tragedies of Love.

No. 5.—Billy Le Roy.

No. 6.—Life of John L. Sullivan.

No. 7.—Famous Frauds.

MEDICAL.

Important Notice to Advertisers.

The Police Gazette has now a guaranteed circulation of 200,000 copies each issue. This circulation embraces fully a million and a half of readers, about one thirty-fifth of the whole population of the United States, making it the best advertising medium in America. Our Advertising Rates, on and after April 1st, will be: Ordinary Advertisements \$1.50 net, Acate measurement, per line. Reading Notices \$2.50 per line.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

Recommended by the Faculty.

TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT of CUBEBS AND COPAIBA.

This compound is superior to any preparation hitherto invented, combining in a very highly concentrated state the medical properties of the Cubebs and Copaiba. One recommendation this preparation enjoys over all others is its neat, portable form, put up in pots; the mode in which it may be taken is both pleasant and convenient, being in the form of a paste, tasteless, and does not impair the digestion.

Price \$1. Prepared only by

TARRANT & COMPANY,

Druggists and Chemists,

278 and 280 Greenwich Street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

Gaudichaud's

Compound Extract of Sandal Wood. A quick and safe

remedy. The wonderful virtues of Sandal Wood in all

diseases of the Urinary Organs (recent or long standing),

is now fully recognized by the entire Medical Faculty.

Dr. Gaudichaud's Compound Extract of Sandal Wood is

offered as the Highest Standard for Purity, and its Su-

periority is fully endorsed by very eminent Physicians.

Price, \$1.00. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

A Positive Cure Without Medicines.

ALLAN'S SOLUBLE MEDICATED BOUGIES.

Patented October 10, 1878. One box

No. 1 will cure any case in four days or less.

No. 2 will cure the most obstinate case, no matter of how

long standing.

No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba, or oil of sandal-

wood are certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying

the coating of the stomach.

Price, \$1.50. Sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of

price.

For further particulars send for circular.

J. O. G. BOX 1533. J. O. G. BOX 1533. N. Y.

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S

G and G

CURE.

A guaranteed cure. Safe, pleasant and reliable. No

bad effect from its use. Does not interfere with business

or diet. Price \$4 per box or three boxes for \$5. Written

guarantees issued by every duly authorized agent to re-

fund the money if three boxes fail to cure. Sent post-

paid on receipt of price. **A. J. DRISMAN, Broadway and**

Barclay st., New York.

I Care Fits! When I say Cure I do not

mean mere to stop them for a time, and then have

them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made

the d sense of Fits, Epilepsy or falling sickness a life-

long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases.

Because others have failed is no reason for not now re-

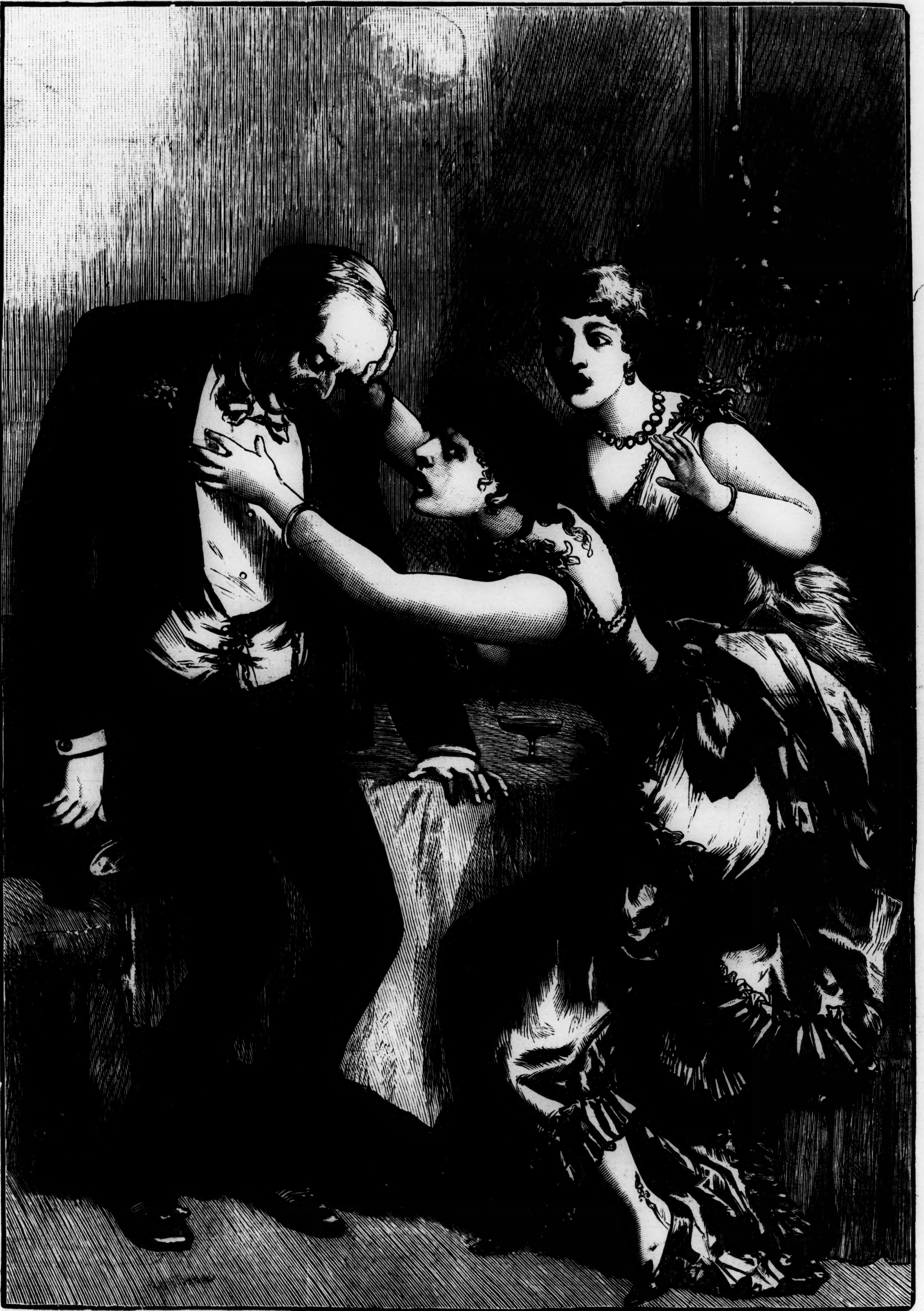
ceiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a free bot-

tle of my infallible remedy. Give express and post office

costs you nothing for a trial and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. Root, 183 Pearl st., New York.

30 Days' Trial Free—We send free on



KNOCKED OUT BY DEATH.

HOW HEART DISEASE AVENGED ON AN OLD ROUE OF NEW YORK THE DISSIPATIONS OF A LONG LIFE OF DEBAUCHERY—A TRAGEDY OF THE STAGE REALIZED IN REAL LIFE; NEW YORK CITY.